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SWAN SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Fade, sunlight! up the western hills,
Come, twilight! pure and meek of heart,
Sing not, oh, streams! nor dance, oh, rills!
For Life and I must part.

From the sweet silver of the night,
From the rare opal of the day,
From mortal hen, from mortal sight,
Singing, I pass away.

My lower holdings laid aside,
My vesture turns the moon-spray dull—
In royal raiment, like a bride,
Death finds me beautiful.

Oh, arrow-pierced oriole!
Up-swinging in thy dreamy nest,
Like thee, my eager, wounded soul
Sways, dying, in my breast.

Like thee, a thing of blush and flame,
In passion-pangs my soul is caught—
The Life that all unthinking came,
Goes out in bitter thought.

Oh, willows! bending down to touch
The stream that wanders murmuring—
I did not dream that Death was such
An awful, livid thing!

I saw his face, afar, afar,
Gleam through the gloaming and the dew,
The eye I thought a pleasant star,
Now burns me through and through.

His chill hand clasps my living heart,
His chill breath clouds mine eyes with mist—
Strange pulses in my bosom start,
I cannot more resist!

Fade, sunlight! up the western hills,
Come, twilight! fragile as a sigh—
Cry out, oh, streams! and wail, oh, rills!
I die! I die! I die!

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE SEA CAST UP—THE FLAG HALF-MAST HIGH.

The words spoken by the servants, perhaps heedlessly, that their lady might be "catching her death," were borne out more literally than such words generally are. Whether it was the kneeling on the stone floor in the chilly night; whether it was the scantiness of the apparel she had thrown on; or the rising from her bed, hot, for that she had previously been in bed, there was no doubt, certain it is, that violent cold and inflammation attacked Lady Dane. The medical men called it pleurisy; less scientific people, inflammation of the chest: no matter for the proper term, Lady Dane was in imminent danger.

She lay in her spacious bed-room, so redolent of comfort; its fire regulated that the temperature might be of a certain heat, its little luxuries ready at hand. The servants, moving softly in their list slippers, were anxious and attentive; the doctors were unremitting; the neighborhood was concerned. *Could* life have been kept in Lady Dane by earthly means, they were not lacking: but when the time comes for its departure, who may prolong its stay? Lady Dane was dying; and she knew it. An eminent physician had been summoned from town; he had paid his visit that morning, and had gone back again. A rumor spread in the servants' hall, though whence originating and how *they* could have got hold of it, they themselves would have been at a loss to tell, that the great London man had pronounced it, in confidence to Mr. Wild, a case without hope.

"I said it from the first," wailed Sophie. "I knew when two died out of the family, the third would not be long after them."

"What's that, Mam'selle Sophie?" cried Mr. Bruff.

"What's that?" sharply retorted Sophie: "it's a well known certainty to anybody who keep their eyes open. I have remarked it hundreds of times in my own country, and I daresay you have in yours, if you'll only put your recollection to work, and cast it backwards. Let two out of the same family die, pretty near together, and you may look soon for the third interment. It's safe to come, if not directly, before the twelvemonth's up."

"Nonsense," said Bruff.

"Is it nonsense? You just look abroad and take notice, if you've never noticed it before. You can begin with this household," added Sophie, tapping her foot on the floor to give force to her argument. "The captain was the first, Mr. Dane was the second, and her ladyship will be the third. When news came that Mr. Dane was dead, I said to myself 'Then who'll be the next?'—for it came across my brain in the same minute that another there would be. And I feared it might be my lord: I never thought of my lady."

"Perhaps there'll be a fourth!" sarcastically returned the incredulous Bruff.

"Sophie's right," put in the housekeeper: "I have observed it myself many times. When two go off quietly out of a family, a third generally follows."

"If I could lower myself to think such trash, I'd never say it," rebuked the indignant butler. "Mam'selle Sophie may be excused: she's young: but when folks have lived to your age and mine, ma'am, they might know better. It is to be hoped her ladyship will recover."

"Then if she does recover, it will be his lordship that will go," persisted the undaunted Sophie. "But I don't think she is going to recover: it is not in her face. I may not be as old as you, Mr. Bruff, by twenty good years, and I shall be thirty my next birthday, but, if I were you, I'd never boast of my age, until I had used my powers of observation to more purpose. Anyway, two have gone, and the other will follow. You'll see."

Adelaide Errol sat alone with her aunt, ostensibly attending on her, should she want anything: though indeed she seemed more buried within herself and her own reflections, than thinking of Lady Dane. Since the night when she had been so terrified in the ruins, a great change had overtaken Adelaide. No longer was she the gay, careless girl of formerly: her step was languid, her spirits were unequal, her manner was subdued. In her appearance, also, there was an alteration for the worse: her brilliant color had faded to paleness, and her rounded form had grown thin. She sat in an invalid chair before the fire, her aunt's, previous to Lady Dane's taking to her bed, her cheek was pressed upon her right hand, and her eyes were fixed on vacancy.

"Adelaide."

It was Lady Dane who spoke, and Adelaide sprang up with a start, abruptly aroused to outward things. "Yes, aunt. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing just now," feebly replied Lady Dane, whose voice was scarcely audible for weakness: and had her medical attendants been present, they would have taken care she did not try to make it audible. "Why are you looking so sad, Adelaide? What were you thinking of?"

A vivid blush rose to the cheeks of Lady Adelaide.

"It is a sad time, aunt," she answered: and the plea was too true a one for Lady Dane to suspect its evasion.

"This strange sadness—I call it strange, Adelaide, in you—has continued since the death of Harry," pursued Lady Dane. "Is it caused *by* his death?"

A blush as vivid as the previous one, but more painful. Lady Adelaide, however, remained silent.

"Child, I shall not long be here; and I would ask—"

"Oh, aunt!" interrupted Adelaide, in a tone of pain.

"Not long," calmly repeated Lady Dane: "a few days, perhaps but a few hours. Do not distress yourself. It causes me no distress: quite the contrary: I am glad to go. I have—I humbly hope—a Friend in heaven, and He will welcome me to his father's home. Oh, Adelaide! the world has become sad to me: I shall be *glad* to go."

Tears were raining from the eyes of Lady Adelaide. There was a pause, and then the invalid resumed.

"But I want now to speak of yourself, whilst I have power left for it. This unaccountable sadness—whence does it proceed? I do *not* think it is caused by grief for Harry's death."

"It—it—was a dreadful death, aunt," shivered Adelaide, shunning the question.

Lady Dane clasped her hands together.

"Ay, a dreadful death; a dreadful death! Still, not one to have made this lasting impression upon you; for, Adelaide, I suspect you did not love him."

"We all loved him," Adelaide was beginning, but Lady Dane arrested her words.

"Child, I am dying. If there must needs still be concealment between us, in these my last hours, at least let there not be equivocation. I believed that you did not care for Harry: I believe that you loved, and do still love Herbert—Geoffry, as we must call him now. Though I cannot quite remember to say Geoffry so soon," added Lady Dane, sadly, "it puts me too much in mind of my own Geoffry who is gone."

Adelaide burst into fresh tears.

"Tell me the truth, child. Why should you conceal it now? Herbert was no match for you then: Harry was, and he idolised you: but things have changed. Herbert will succeed his uncle, and there can be no barrier to your union with him: but I should like to be satisfied how it will be, before I go. Speak the truth, Adelaide."

Adelaide Errol was visibly agitated, as she bent over her aunt, for the latter had taken her hands and was drawing her closer. Speak she must; there was no escape; but even Lady Dane, dying as she was, observed how violently her heart beat.

"Aunt, I do not wish to marry Herbert Dane."

"What!" uttered Lady Dane, in her astonishment.

"I will not marry him. I—do not"—she spoke here with remarkable hesitation—"like him well enough."

Lady Dane regarded her searchingly: a suspicion came over her that Adelaide imperfectly understood; not the present conversation, but the future position of Herbert: for that Adelaide had long been wrapt up in Herbert, was her settled conviction.

"Child, are you mistaking his circumstances—his future? He will be Lord Dane."

"If he were to be King of England, I would not marry him," vehemently spoke Lady Adelaide.

"Then—is it possible?—did you really love Harry?" was the slow, doubting response.

Another flow of tears, and a softened answer.

"Aunt, if Harry could rise from the dead, I would be glad to marry him: I would rather marry him than any one else in the world."

"How I have been mistaken!" uttered Lady Dane, and Adelaide hid her face amidst the bed clothes as she listened. Lady Dane thought her manner appeared very singular, and a doubt crossed her mind whether there was not some mystery yet to fathom.

Whether or not, it was not fated that Lady Dane should unravel it. During their conversation an unusual stir and noise had been gradually arising in the road; and now penetrating to the inside of the castle. Unnoticed at first, the commotion was now so great as to attract the attention, if not the alarm of Lady Dane. Tumult, like that, within the well-conducted castle!

"Adelaide, go you and see what it can be. Bring me word."

Away went Adelaide: thankful, if the truth were known, to be dismissed from that bedside. A dozen fishermen, or so, were congregated in the hall, having carried in a burden covered up, on a sort of hand-barrow. The servants were surrounding them, Lord Dane was present in his chair, stragglers, attracted by the news, made bold to push into the castle. Altogether, it was a scene of confusion, questions were poured on the fishermen, and they were all answering at once, in their loud voices and rude patois.

Adelaide gathered in the sense of their words. What motive impelled her to act as she was doing, none could tell; probably she, herself, could not have told; possibly, in that moment of terror, she was unconscious of her actions. A moment of unspeakable terror it evidently was to her: her lips were blanched and drawn back from her teeth, her features wore the hue of the grave: she glided amidst the crowd, laid her hand upon the barrow, and was lifting up its covering.

A fisherman darted forward, and unceremoniously pulled her back.

"It's no sight for her," he said, turning to Lord Dane, "it's no sight for women, young *or old: ye may judge, my lord, that it is not!*"

Then, for the first time, Lord Dane observed that Adelaide was present.

"Go away," he said to her sadly, but imperatively, "what brought you here?"

"Ye'd never get it out o' your sight, young madam, all yer life a'ter," spoke up another man, who had advanced to keep guard of the barrow. "And it's stark naked, beside."

"Leave the hall, Adelaide: are you mad?" sternly reiterated Lord Dane.

The flushing crimson had come to her cheeks now, and the perspiration broke out on her brow, as she hurriedly obeyed.

"I think I must have been mad," she repeated to herself. "What possessed me?"

Mechanically, scarcely conscious of what she was about, she re-entered the chamber of Lady Dane. The latter had contrived to struggle into a sitting posture in bed, and her eyes eagerly turned upon Adelaide their questioning light.

"What is it? what is it?" she uttered, for the young lady made no response to the mute questioning.

"I—I do not know, aunt."

"What is it?" repeated Lady Dane. "You do know: I see it in your countenance."

"They said I was not to tell you," replied Adelaide, the most senseless rejoinder she could have made, proving how uncollected was her mind.

"Instinct has told me," said Lady Dane, with a gasping sob. "They have found, and brought home, the body of Harry."

"It is so, aunt," acknowledged Adelaide.

"But—at this distance of time—so long in the water—how can they recognize it?"

"I gathered in the purport of what they were saying, aunt," returned Adelaide, evidently speaking with a painful effort. "That it was all but unrecognizable, that they knew it by the teeth, and a mark on the arm. Ravensbird, who came in with them, says he could swear to it by the mark: and they were saying that it could not have been all this time in the water."

"Ravensbird! And Lord Dane suffered *him* to enter?"

"There is great confusion, aunt. Perhaps he may have been unnoticed, until he spoke."

The body had been found a few miles further off by the fisherman, and they brought it to Danesheld in their boat, never giving a thought to its being that of Captain Dane. But—as fate had it—when they reached the shore, Ravensbird happened to be strolling about there. He immediately pronounced it to be the body of his late master, knowing it, as Adelaide had said, by the teeth, and the mark on the arm, and it was borne to the castle.

An inquest was held upon it, and the verdict returned was, "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." A rumor went about the place, and obtained credence, that had it not been for the episode, related by Drake, of the man with the pack, it might have been "Wilful murder against Richard Ravensbird," in spite of the testified alibi.

The body was buried in the Dane vault, and people mourned more truly for the Honorable William Henry Dane, than they had done for the heir, the Honorable Geoffry. But, the very day of the interment, another died, to be mourned for—Lady Dane. It seemed that the

MARGARET BORDILLON AND TIFFLE.

flag was forever floating half-mast high now, over the castle.

All these events, following one upon another with succession so rapid, told upon the shattered frame, the broken health of Lord Dane. He was unable now to quit his chamber; and very soon, it was thought, he would be unable to quit his bed. Herbert Dane—Geoffry Dane, as he was henceforth to be called—once again and for the third time had to perform the office of chief mourner, and on his return from the funeral, he was summoned to the presence of the old lord.

A favorite name in the Dane family was that of Geoffry. From the first creation of the barony more than two-thirds of the lords had borne it, and it was held (*superstition* again!) that those who had so borne it, had been more lucky than the rest. Herbert Dane, who was the son of the Honorable Herbert Dane, and grandson to the preceding peer who had reigned, had been christened Geoffry Herbert; his friends calling him by his second name, Herbert, that his name might not clash with that of his cousin, Geoffry, the heir. Now, however, that the succession lapsed to him, he was henceforth to be, not Herbert, but *Geoffry*.

He left his hat with its sweeping band in the library, and proceeded to attend the summons. He could not avoid remarking as he went in, how strangely altered and ill Lord Dane looked.

"Are you worse, uncle?" he involuntarily asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"I do not know that I am much worse, Geoffry; but, as to feeling well, that I shall never do again. I may be called away at any moment, and it is necessary that I should 'set my house in order.' For this purpose—I should be more correct in saying, in pursuance of this purpose—I have caused you to come to me. According to the arbitrary decrees of fate—how capricious, how unlooked-for they are!—you will be the seventeenth Baron Dane. Geoffry, I have a charge to leave you, as such; a charge above all other charges."

"I will fulfil it, sir; if it be in my power."

The old peer stretched out his hand from his easy chair, in which he was propped, and laid it upon the wrist of his nephew, slowly and impressively. Geoffry bent a little nearer to the anxious face.

"I charge you, by all your hopes of happiness, that you never cease in striving to bring to light the destroyer of Harry," solemnly said Lord Dane; "spare no means, no energies, no trouble; let not idleness overtake you in your task; be not tempted by want of success to relinquish it. Should the years go on, ay, until you are an old man, and nothing have turned up, still do not flag; a conviction is upon me that search will not be always in vain. You hear me, Geoffry?"

"Oh, yes, I hear."

"Let your suspicions, your secret watchings be directed to one quarter in particular; for, that the guilt lies in it, there is no doubt. Never suffer your surveillance to be off that man?"

"Of whom do you speak, sir?" inquired Geoffry, in a tone of surprise.

"Ravensbird. Of whom else do you suppose I speak? Why do you knit your brow? why do you look displeased—incredulous?"

"Pardon me, sir, if I do not agree with you; though, if I did knit my brow, it was with perplexity, not displeasure. I cannot get over the fact that the absence of Ravensbird from the heights, at the time of the occurrence, has been credibly testified to; and it is a physical impossibility for a man to be in two places at once. Neither can I keep my suspicions from dwelling on that other, that packman."

"Pshaw!" returned Lord Dane, impatiently shaking his head, "I have never attached credit to that tale of the packman. I do not say it did not take place, the encounter, dispute—whatever it may have been—as Drake describes it; but, as to that fellow's having attacked Harry to death, the notion is absurd. Some travelling bagman, passing accidentally, who importuned Harry to purchase a cotton pocket handkerchief, or a horn knife to cut bread-and-cheese, and Harry rode the high horse at being accosted, and drove the fellow away. It was nothing more, rely upon it. No; whoever dealt out his death to Harry that night, had a motive in it. It was Ravensbird; I tell you it was Ravensbird, Geoffry; and, I charge you, look to him."

Lord Dane ceased. He appeared to have done with the subject, and a long pause ensued, each appearing buried in his own reflections. It was Geoffry who broke it.

"What report is this, that I hear, uncle—that Lady Adelaide goes back to Scotland?"

"It is so decided. It would not be expedient for her to remain here, now her aunt is gone. Under present circumstances, it would scarcely be expedient, a wild, random girl like Adelaide—think of her running out, mad-cap fashion, on to the ruins that ill-fated night!—but in the uncertain state of my life, it is not to be thought of. When death shall overtake me—and it is not far off; it is not, Geoffry, disbelieving as you may look—fancy what would be the position of Adelaide, were she still here. You, taking up your abode here, the castle's master, and an unprotected young lady in it! A pretty affair, that would be!"

A flush illumined Geoffry's features, symbol of his deep, passionate love for Adelaide, and he turned away his face to hide it.

"It would be time enough for her to go back to Scotland then, sir—should the catastrophe occur."

"You talk like a boy," retorted Lord Dane. "Is the Lady Adelaide Errol one to be subjected to the possible comments of a scandalous world? She must quit the castle before I do."

"You cannot think, sir," said Geoffry, in agitation—he may possibly have misunderstood Lord Dane's remarks—"that I would do aught to bring scandal on Lady Adelaide? I would guard her from it with my life."

The proud old peer turned his face upon him in all its haughty severity. "What do you mean, nephew? 'If I thought you capable of bringing scandal on Lady Adelaide.' Did I deem you capable of but imagining such, I would shoot you there as you stand before me, rather than let so dishonorable a craven live to succeed to the coronet of Dane."

Geoffry felt that he was being misunderstood, and suffered the point to drop. "Where is *Adelaide going to reside*," he asked. "With whom? I thought she had no relatives."

"She has scarcely any. Some cousin of her late father's is willing to receive her. A Mrs. Grant, living in Wertheshire."

"Mrs. Grant," repeated Geoffry. "I have heard of her. A widow with a very bare jointure and a house full of children. Will Lady Adelaide like *that* after Dane castle.

"Necessity has no law," observed Lord Dane. "Of course I shall take care that Adelaide is no burthen to Mrs. Grant now or for the future. Were her brother what he ought to be, he might settle down and afford her a home, but Kirkdale is as wild as a March hare."

"Will Lady Adelaide like going to Mrs. Grant's?" repeated Geoffry.

"Like it, no!" returned Lord Dane. "She has never had the tears out of her eyes since the plan was mooted. But she acquiesces in its expediency, seeing there is nowhere else where she can apply for a home."

"I think—I think—uncle, will you pardon my saying it, will you sanction my saying it, that she might be happier with me?"

Geoffry spoke in a low tone of emotion, the color coming and going in his fair face. Life to him, without Adelaide Errol, would be a dreary prospect.

"Happier with you," echoed Lord Dane in a quick tone. "In what way?"

"As my wife."

"Look you here, Geoffry; it is of no use for us to converse at cross purposes, so I will be explicit. You cannot suppose that since the death of my sons I have never cast my thoughts to the future, and to those who are left. Now, your aunt, my poor departed wife, took a notion in her head long ago that Adelaide cared for you more than she did for Harry. For my part, I deemed Lady Dane must be mistaken; I deemed it was altogether absurd to suspect that Adelaide should do so, considering she had freely consented to be Harry's wife. But Harry went; Geoffry went; and you were left: and I told Lady Dane that if her idea was correct you and Adelaide could now marry. Truth to say, I would more cordially have given you my approval than I did to my son: for I do not like cousins marrying, and to you she is no blood relation."

"Well, sir?" eagerly cried Geoffry, whose eyes had been sparkling.

"Well. Two or three nights before my wife died she told me we had all been wrong—or rather that she had been wrong. That it was Harry to whom Adelaide had been really attached, and that she never would consent to be addressed by you. Therefore, I imagine, if you are indulging dreams of Adelaide you are nourishing a chimera."

A proud, self-satisfied smile passed over the face of Geoffry. *His* knew whom she had really loved.

Lord Dane put an end to the interview. A little thing fatigued him now, and he dismissed Geoffry.

Geoffry proceeded to the drawing-room, and there sat Adelaide. Very sad, very lonely did she look there in her mourning robes, the only inmate of the castle save its invalid master. She rose from her seat to leave the room as Geoffry entered.

"Adelaide, am I scaring you away?"

"Oh no," she answered with a confused blush, and down she sat again.

"I hope you are better than you have been

of late," he continued. "You have allowed me to see so little of you that we seem like strangers."

"I have not been very well, and I have been much occupied with my poor aunt."

"I hear it is in contemplation that you should return to Scotland?"

"I believe it is."

"But it is most strange that you should do so," he impulsively rejoined. "You may as as well bury yourself alive as become an inmate of Mrs. Grant's undesirable home!"

A change passed over her face, and but for a strong effort the tears would have rained from her eyes. Purgatory itself would have scarcely seemed more terrible in prospective to Lady Adelaide than did Mrs. Grant's house.

"Adelaide," he resumed, in a low tone, "I have now come from leaving your aunt in her grave; and to enter upon what I am about to do, may appear unseeming at such a time. It is unseemly in point of fact; but it is but a single word I would say, or ask; and what I have just heard must justify it. Give me the hope, the permission, that at a future time I may ask you to be my wife."

"It is impossible," was her low reply, but Geoffry saw that she could scarcely speak for agitation, that she was, in fact, gasping for breath.

"Do you understand me?" he returned.

"I believe so. You are asking me to be your wife: is not that it? I thank you for the—the—the courtesy—the offer—but I cannot avail myself of it."

"Later I craved, Adelaide; that I might speak of it later."

"Neither now nor later. I beg you to drop the subject forever."

Geoffry Dane was likewise agitated, and pale as death. Were all the hopes of his later life to be thus ruthlessly blown away?

"Adelaide, what has changed you?" he resumed, in a deep tone. "I once thought—"

"Never mind what you once thought," she impetuously interrupted, "or what I thought either. The past is past."

"I can offer you now what I could not then; what I never—I solemnly declare—so much as glanced at the possibility of; I can offer to make you mistress of this castle and these broad lands."

Some emotion appeared to overcome her, for she buried her face in her hands and was shaking as though she had the ague. With an effort she looked up, and steadied her voice to speak.

"You need not enlarge upon it: I perfectly understand. You would make me Lady Dane."

"I would make you Lady Dane and my dear wife," he interposed, in a tone of the deepest tenderness. "Oh Adelaide, let this misery end! What has come between us?"

"But I cannot accept the offer," she more calmly continued, completely ignoring his last sentence, and retreating backwards, for he had made as if he would take her hands. "Geoffry Dane, *I pray you* let this subject cease, now and forever."

"Adelaide!"

"Cease, cease," she implored. "I can never give you any other answer."

"But this is inexplicable; most strange. You must assign me the cause for your estrangement."

"No other answer, no other answer," she reiterated in a tone that savored of alarm. "The broad fact is sufficient; why go into details?"

"It is *not* sufficient, Adelaide. I have a right to demand its cause."

"I shall never give it you. You ask me to be your wife, and I refuse. There it must end."

"Are we to part thus—in anger? in dissatisfaction?"

"Not in anger, unless you choose. I thank you, Geoffry, for your courtesy, as much as though I had accepted it. And now, you must forgive me for reminding you what to day is; that your 'one word' has lengthened into many: and that I wish to be alone."

Geoffry Dane withdrew; he could not well do otherwise. But, overwhelmed as he felt with disappointment, unpleasantly perplexed and puzzled though he was at her curious conduct, there was yet a hope lurking within him which seemed to whisper that a little time might set things to rights—that Lady Adelaide Errol would still be his.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGARET BORDILLION. TIFFLE.

About half a mile from Dane Castle, standing almost at a right angle between the castle and the village of Danesheld, was the dwelling of Mr. Lester, or, as he was sometimes styled in the vicinity, Squire Lester. It was a substantial, red brick building, known by the name of Danesheld Hall, and but for its large size might have been taken for a farm house, surrounded as it was by out-buildings, barns, sheds, rick yards, poultry yards, and other appurtenances that a superior farm generally possesses. Its site was somewhat solitary, no dwellings being in the immediate vicinity, while the large, wild wood at the back ranging out and ex ending to some distance, did not tend to render its aspect more cheerful. The wood belonged to Lord Dane, and was a favorite resort of poachers.

Now, it may be as well to state before going on, that Mr. Lester's property was not entailed. It had come to him by bequest, not by inheritance. A distant relative of the late owner, he had been made the heir, unexpectedly to himself—the heir, upon the condition that he should take up his residence on the estate, and make the Hall his home. He was a dashing young guardsman then, poor and proud, and he scarcely knew whether to be pleased or annoyed. The fortune was most welcome; but—to vegetate in the country and be dubbed "the squire"—he winced at that. However, we get reconciled to most things in time, and so did George Lester. He sold out, married, and took up his abode at Danesheld. In course of years his wife died, leaving him with two children, Wilfred and Maria, the latter four years younger than her brother.

Mr. Lester was now nearly forty years of age, but he did not look it. He was a fine, handsome man, rather "fast" yet, a great admirer of beauty, fond of society, and exceedingly popular. To say that he had become attached to Lady Adelaide, would be scarcely a right phrase to use. He had not suffered himself to become so, seeing that she was engaged to her cousin, Captain Dane. He admired Lady Adelaide greatly, he felt that he could love her; very delighted and proud would he have been to make her Lady Adelaide Lester, but for that previous engagement to Harry Dane.

But then came Harry Dane's death; the barrier was removed, and Mr. Lester's heart leaped up within him. Not immediately did he speak; the deaths following rapidly at the castle one upon another, barred its propriety; but when the rumor reached him that Lady Adelaide was about to return to Scotland, he threw propriety to the winds, and besought her to become his wife. She requested a day or two for consideration, and then—accepted him.

Mr. Lester urged their immediate marriage; where was the use of her travelling to Scotland, he said; better be married at once from the castle, and obviate its necessity. Lady Adelaide, as an objection to haste, put forth her aunt's recent death. But Mr. Lester replied that circumstances altered cases, and he thought haste in this instance was justifiable. Lord Dane agreed with him. He told them both that he felt his own life waning quickly, and should be better content to leave Adelaide with a legal protector. So the usual formal preliminaries and preparations were in their case dispensed with, and the wedding day was fixed.

"Geoffry," said Lord Dane to his nephew, "I cannot leave my bed and accompany them to church to give her away. Will you attend for me?"

It was the first positive information Geoffry Dane had received of the forthcoming marriage of Lady Adelaide. Vague reports, half surmises, had penetrated to him, but he believed them not. A deadly pallor overspread his face, too sudden, too intense to be concealed; and it startled Lord Dane.

"Be a man, Geoffry. If she won't have you, if she prefers somebody else, you can't alter it; but don't sigh for her after the fashion of a love-sick girl. Adelaide is beautiful, but she is not the wife *I* should like to choose; she is capricious and unsteady as the breeze. Forget her, and look abroad for somebody better; there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Geoffry's color was coming back to him, and he made an effort to smooth his brow—to pass it off lightly.

"Will you go to church and officiate for me, Geoffry?"

"No, sir," he answered in a low tone, but one that betrayed firm resolution. "If she marries George Lester of her own inclination, why—let her. But I will not take part in it."

Not only to Geoffry Dane did the projected union bring its pangs. Mr. Lester's first wife had been a Miss Bordillion, a lady of a good family, but a poor one—there was a saying in their vicinity, "poor and proud as a Bordillion." During Mrs. Lester's last illness, which was known to be a fatal one, a very distant relative of hers, but still a Bordillion, was staying with her. They had been girls together, close and tried friends since, and Mrs. Lester besought a promise from Margaret Bordillion that she would remain at the Hall after her coming death, and watch over her young daughter, Maria. Margaret Bordillion was a delicate looking woman of two or three-and-thirty, and the pink hue came into her cheeks as she thought of what the world might say did she remain an inmate of the house of the somewhat gaily-inclined George Lester. But when death is brought palpably before us—and Margaret Bordillion knew that it was very near to that chamber, as she held the damp hand, and looked down at the wasted face of Mrs. Lester—minor considerations are lost in the vista of the future, which now comes so palpably before us; that solemn future where we must all be gathered together and render up our accounts, and we feel far more anxious to fulfil our duty, wherever it may lie, than to be troubled at what the "world will say." Mrs. Lester received the promise she craved, that Margaret Bordillion would—at any rate for a time—remain at the Hall to take charge of Maria.

"And remember, Margaret," whispered Mrs. Lester, drawing Margaret's ear down, that she might catch unmistakably the low accents, "should any warmer feeling arise between you and George—it may be so—should he ever seek to make you his wife, remember that I now tell you I should be pleased with it."

"How *can* you contemplate such a thing! how can you speak of it—at this moment?" interrupted Miss Bordillion, aghast. "You, his wife, can calmly enter upon the subject of his marrying another!"

"The world and its passions are fading from me, Margaret," was the reply of Mrs Lester, "it almost seems as if I had already left it. I feel no doubt that George will marry again; he is most likely to do so; and I would prefer that he should make you my children's mother rather than any other woman."

Mrs. Lester died, and Miss Bordillion continued at Danesheld Hall. But she kept herself very much in the back ground, more as though she were only Maria's governess, and declined to preside as the Hall's mistress. She regulated the servants, and the domestic affairs, but she never officiated at table in the place of Mrs. Lester; when Mr. Lester had visitors, she frequently did not appear, remaining in private with Maria; and she quite as often sat in her own sitting room, as joined Mr. Lester. Maria was only eight years old at the time of her mother's death: had she been more of a woman, Miss Bordillion would have felt her position less awkward. Some ladies might not have found any awkwardness in it; but Miss Bordillion was of an unusually sensitive temperament, exceedingly alive to the refined proprieties of life.

Two years had now passed over her head, since Mrs. Lester's death, and what had they brought forth? Love. Thrown into constant contact with George Lester, who was a man of remarkably attractive manners, to Miss Bordillion as to others; ever dwelling on the words spoken by Mrs. Lester, Miss Bordillion had, at first unconsciously to herself, become deeply attached to him. And when a woman's love has lain dormant for the first five-and-thirty years of her life, and is then awakened, it bursts into a lasting passion, one that the young little know of. Timid, modest, retiring, she nourished it in secret, gradually giving way to the hope that she should be what Mrs. Lester had suggested, his second wife; a hope that soon grew to intensity—nay, to expectation. And Margaret Bordillion's days, now, were as one long dream of paradise.

More especially high beat her heart one morning, for her hopes appeared to be nearing their realization. It was a hot summer's day at the close of July, and as the party rose from breakfast, Mr. Lester remarked that, while the excessive heat lasted, it would be better to have the breakfast laid in the dining-room, which did not face the morning sun.

"I will tell the servants to-day," said Miss Bordillion.

Wilfred Lester was at home for his holidays, which, however, were drawing to an end. He was a high-spirited boy of fourteen, though, it must be confessed, given to be passionate and disobedient on occasions; his eyes were of an intensely violet blue, his hair and eyelashes dark, and he gave promise of being a handsome man. Maria and Edith had run out to the lawn, and Wilfred vaulted after them. A pretty little girl o' eleven, was Edith Bordillion, now on a visit at the Hall. She was the daughter of Major Bordillion, and niece of Margaret.

The children were gamboling on the lawn, caring nothing for the heat, and Mr. Lester stood at the window watching them. Miss Bordillion remained in her seat at the breakfast table, reading a letter which the morning post had brought.

"Look here, Margaret," Mr. Lester suddenly exclaimed. "Step this way a minute."

She put aside her letter and went to him.

"Has it ever struck you, Margaret, what a famous conservatory might be carried out from this end window?"

"It would be an excellent spot for one," she replied. "I think I once heard you make the same remark."

"No doubt. It has been in my mind some time. I suppose I must set about it now."

"Why now?" inquired Miss Bordillion.

Mr. Lester laughed; it was what might be called a shy laugh, and as he replied to the question, his usually free tone had a tinge of embarrassment in it.

"It is two years—more—since Katherine died; I may begin to look out soon for some one to supply her place. In that case the old house ought to be brightened up. What say you, Margaret?"

Margaret Bordillion said nothing. She stood with her eyes cast down, and her cheeks glowing. She certainly did not construe the words into an offer; she had better sense; but she did believe that George Lester's intentions pointed to herself; his embarrassment of manner may have aided the thought. *He* saw the marks of confusion; it was impossible that she could conceal them, standing facing him, as she did, in the glowing brightness of the morning; and he attributed them to displeasure; he thought she was feeling pained at the idea of Katherine's place being filled up.

"Margaret," he said, in a low, tender tone, as he gently laid his hand upon her shoulder, though neither the tone nor the action was born of tenderness for *her*, "it is not good for a man to be alone. Katherine is gone; but we are living. Ponder over what I have hinted, and try and overget your distaste to it."

Mr. Lester stepped out at the window, which opened to the ground, as he concluded, and joined the children. And Margaret Bordillion?—she remained standing as he had left her in the day's brightness, type of the brightness which had rushed over and was illumining her whole soul. "I shall be his wife, at last," she softly murmured, "his wife! his wife! how have I deserved so intense a happiness?"

The servants entered to remove the breakfast things, and that aroused her. She called to her the two little girls, and went with them up stairs to the study, to superintend, as usual, their lessons.

The day went on to its close, its calm varied only by an ou break between Master Wilfred and Tiffle. Tiffle, one of the sourest of virgins, was the head servant at the hall, and liked to rule with an overbearing hand. She was housekeeper and mistress subject, of course, to the authority of Miss Bordillion; but Miss Bordillion interfered but little. Tiffle, if not of a desirable temper, was neither of a kindly disposition; the servants called her cross grained, and Miss Bordillion, truth to say, felt afraid of her. When Mrs. Lester died, and Tiffle found that Miss Bordillion was to remain, Tiffle went to her master and gave warning. Mr. Lester would not take it; he fancied that the Hall deprived both of mistress and housekeeper, would inevitably come to something bad; and he raised Tiffle's wages, and told her she must stop. Tiffle ungraciously consented to a three month's further sojourn; but when the three month's came to an end, and Tiffle found how little Miss Bordillion troubled her, that she had, in fact, far more sway than in the days of her late mistress, Tiffle said no more about leaving. But she hated Miss Bordillion, simply because the latter was nominally placed over her; and Tiffle was one who could hate to some purpose.

Another object of her dislike was Master Lester, and it was returned by him. That sort of repulsion must have existed between them, which two persons will sometimes entertain, one to the other, unexplainable by themselves or in metaphysics: and when Wilfred was at home there were frequent contests between him and Tiffle. On this occasion it was sharper than customary: so sharp and loud as to disturb the household: Mr. Lester was out, but Miss Bordillion, as in duty bound, interposed her authority, and ordered them both before her. It was an unusual procedure for her to make: induced possibly by a foreshadowing idea of the full and indisputable authority she might soon be vested with in that house. Miss Bordillion found that Tiffle was in the wrong; had provoked the boy unjustifiably; and she reprimanded her.

Tiffle was pretty nearly stunned with indignation: truth to say, though the fault lay on her side this time, it was as often on Wilfred's: and she withdrew, vowing vengeance in her heart against the world in general and Miss Bordillion in particular. The servants suffered from her temper that day, as they scarcely ever had suffered, and the murmurs were loud and deep.

"Let her have her fling out," cried the butler, who had been a passive listener. "It won't be for long now. I have heard news this evening."

"What's that?" cried Tiffle, turning sharply round upon him. "Did you speak of me?"

"I tell them they may as well let you have your fling out, Mrs. Tiffle," he quietly answered. "Another week or two, and it will be at an end."

"You are a fool," retorted Tiffle.

"Perhaps I am," said the man. "Perhaps master would be, if he didn't set himself about remedying this. But he is going to, and to marry a wife, and to give the house a mistress—which will put your nose out of joint, ma'am."

"Is it true?" uttered one of the other servants, all of whom stood in consternation.

"It is perfectly true: otherwise I should not have repeated it. In a couple of weeks, at the most, I believe they'll be married."

His accent was serious, and they knew him to be a cautious and a truthful man. Even Tiffle felt the calamity was certain, and she turned cold all over.

"It's that animal, Miss Bordillion!" she uttered, the conviction fixing itself into her mind: "it's she who has come over him, and no other. She's as sly as a cat!"

The butler only smiled; it exasperated her beyond bearing, and she flung out of the room.

"I'll go to her this minute, and tell her what I think, if I die for it!" she muttered, "and the deuce himself shouldn't stop me."

Miss Bordillion was alone in the breakfast-room: they often sat in it on a summer's evening; it was so pleasant to be where the windows opened to the ground, and to step out when inclined. Mr. Lester was dining out that evening. The little girls were dragging a child's carriage to and fro on the lawn, in which were seated two dolls in state, Wilfred teasing them with all his might, and, altogether, making a great noise. Tiffle came brushing in, her face red. She had a long sharp nose, and gray, sly ferret's eyes: was very little in person, and generally stealthy in her movements. She was attired in an old brown silk dress and a white muslin apron.

"I lived in the family before you ever came near it, Miss Bordillion," began she, "and I think if this change was in view I might have been injected into it."

Miss Bordillion looked up, astonished at her abrupt entrance, her words, her manner altogether. Tiffle was literally panting with passion.

"Explain yourself," said Miss Bordillion.

"I say that it's a shame, for the servants to have been enlightened, and for me, their head, to have been kept in the dark," burst out Tiffle. "But when things are set about in this kivert way, it don't bring much luck."

"Explain yourself, I repeat," interrupted Miss Bordillion. "What are you speaking of? You forget yourself."

"It's announced in the kitchen by Jones that you and master are going to make a match of it," shrieked Tiffle. "I suppose master told him."

Miss Bordillion was completely taken too: never had she been so much so in all her life. Tiffle's insolence was entirely merged in the news: it was *that* which took away her self-possession, and covered her with confusion. She blushed rosy red, she stammered, she faltered; bringing out some disjointed words that she "did not know," she "was not sure." Tiffle read the signs only too correctly.

"Lovesick as a school girl!" she contemptuously soliloquized, and then spoke aloud. "So, as I have not been used to underhanded treatment, and can't stomach it, I'll give warning now, if you please."

And leaving Miss Bordillion in a whirl of happy perplexity, she strode back to the servants, and boasted of what she had done.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the butler, "you never have been such an idiot! You complimented me with being a fool just now, but you might have kept it for yourself more justly. It is not Miss Bordillion that master's going to marry."

Tiffle sat down, overcome with sundry emotions.

"Not Miss Bordillion! Who is it, then?"

"The pretty young lady at the castle; Lady Adelaide. I should be sorry to put my foot in it, as you have done."

Tiffle said nothing in reply. She sat silent for at least half an hour, revolving in her mind the points of all she had heard and seen, and drawing her own deductions. Then she arose, and proceeded again to the breakfast-room.

Miss Bordillion sat as she had left her, in the same chair, in the same position, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and the rosy hue of happy love lighting her countenance. She was lost in the mazes of dreamland; illusive dreamland, upon which a rude blow was now about to fall, one that would shatter its bliss forever.

Very different was the present Tiffle, meekly standing there, from the outrageous Tiffle of half an hour ago. She deprecatingly held her hands together, smoothing them one over the other, and stole covert glances with her false eyes at Miss Bordillion.

"I am come to apologize, ma'am, for what I said just now, which I shouldn't have done but for labiring under a misapprehension. Them servants led me into it, and I should like to turn the whole lot away. I find there were no grounds for coupling your name with master's."

"Your words took me so entirely by surprise, Tiffle, that I did not meet them, or reprove you as I ought," was the quiet reply of Miss Bordillion. "I will now merely observe that Mr. Lester entertains no present intention of changing his condition, so far as I know. Do not offend again—or take up groundless notions."

"I was only mistaken in the lady, you see, ma'am," returned Tiffle, stancing her ground. "I thought it had been you—for which, as I say, I'm here to beg parding—whereas it's somebody else. Master *is* about to marry."

Slowly Miss Bordillion gathered in the words. Had they meaning? or had they not? Her heart beat wildly, as she gazed at Tiffle.

"In less than two weeks from this the wedding is to come off," proceeded Tiffle, venturing on the unqualified assertion, and positively revelling in the misery she knew she was inflicting. "A dainty bride she'll make, young and lovely as ever wore the orinye wreath: but master—so it's said—always had an eye for beauty. You don't seem as if you had heard it, ma'am: he marries Lady Adelaide."

Misery? Ay, misery as cruel as ever fell in this world. Margaret Bordillion's pulses stood still, and then began to beat with alarming quickness. All the blood in her body seemed turning to stone, her brain whirled, her heart turned sick, the things around were growing dim to her.

"Water—a drop of water, Tiffle," she gasped out, as her sight was failing.

Tiffle whisked round to where some stood, a wicked look of satisfaction on her countenance, now that it was turned from view. She poured some into a tumbler, and carried it to Miss Bordillion, beginning to speak in a condoling tone.

"These changes is unpleasant, ma'am, when they come upon us by surprise; but—"

Tiffle ceased; for she saw that her words were falling on a deaf ear. Miss Bordillion lay in a fainting fit. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 1, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. The usual practice in framing engravings is to allow a strip of the white to show all around—the strip at the bottom, containing the name, being at least double the width of those on the other sides. When it is important that the name should be seen, this mode of framing is the best. When it is not important to display the title, we much prefer framing up to the engraving on every side, as tending to promote the illusion of the picture.

REMOVAL.

The office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

THACKERAY.

The well-known author, Mr. Thackeray, in the last number of "The Cornhill Magazine," comments upon certain statements that appeared in the *New York Times*, relative to that Magazine and its conductors, as follows:

Here, in my *Saturday Review*, and in an American paper subsequently sent to me, I light, astonished, on an account of the dinners of my friend and publisher, which are described as "tremendously heavy," of the conversation (which does not take place), and of the guests assembled at the table. I am informed that the proprietor of the Cornhill, and the host on these occasions, is "a very good man, but totally nerved;" and that on my asking him whether Dr. Johnson was dining behind the screen, he said, "God bless my soul, my dear sir, there's no person by the name of Johnson here, nor any one behind the screen," and that a roar of laughter cut him short. I am informed by the same New York correspondent that I have touched up a contributor's article; that I once said to a literary gentleman, who was proudly pointing to an anonymous article as his writing, "Ah! I thought I recognized *your hoof* in it." I am told by the same authority that the *Cornhill Magazine* "shows symptoms of being on the wane," and having sold nearly a hundred thousand copies, he (the correspondent) "should think forty thousand was now about the mark." Then the graceful writer passes on to the dinners, at which it appears the Editor of the Magazine is "the great gun, and comes out with all the geniality in his power."

Now suppose this charming intelligence is untrue? Suppose the publisher is a gentleman to the full as well informed as those whom he invites to his table? Suppose he never made the remark beginning—"God bless my soul, my dear sir," &c., nor anything resembling it? Suppose nobody roared with laughing? Suppose the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* never "touched up" one single line of the contribution which bears "marks of his hand?" Suppose he never said to any literary gentleman, "I recognized *your hoof*" in any personal whatever? Suppose the 40,000 subscribers, which the writer to New York "considered to be about the mark," should be between 90,000 and 100 000 (and as he will have figures, there they are)? Suppose this back-door gossip should be utterly blundering and untrue, would any one wonder? Ah! if we had only enjoyed the happiness to number this writer among the contributors of our Magazine, what a cheerfulness and easy confidence his presence would impart to our meetings! He would find that "poor Mr. Smith" had heard that recondite anecdote of Dr. Johnson behind the screen; and as for "the great gun of those banquets," with what geniality should not I "come out" if I had an amiable companion close by me, dotting down my conversation for the *New York Times*!

Attack our books, Mr. Correspondent, and welcome. They are fair subjects for just censure or praise. But woe be to you, if you allow private rancors or animosities to influence you in the discharge of your public duty. In the little court where you are paid to sit as judge, as critic, you owe it to your employers, to your conscience, to the honor of your calling, to deliver just sentences; and you shall have to answer to heaven for your dealings, as surely as my Lord Chief Justice on the Bench.

Admitting the impropriety on the part of any newspaper correspondent of penning such incorrect statements as to mere personal matters, it is a little amusing to find a seasoned satirist like Mr. Thackeray, taking it all so seriously. It does not follow that the London correspondent in question felt a particle of "private rancor or animosity" against the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine, because he made such statements. The moment a man becomes the least famous, the public begins to feel an interest in him personally, and letter writers naturally cater to the public taste with the most authentic material they have on hand. "'Tis their vocation." No doubt this is often very annoying to the subjects of such comments, who learn the most surprising things occasionally about themselves and their acquaintances—penned by men who got their information from Brown, who heard it from Smith, who heard it from Jones, who is a second cousin of Toodles, who is an intimate friend of an intimate friend of the distinguished gentleman in whom the public is so greatly interested; but, as a general thing, they "grin and bear it," as one of the unavoidable attendants of being famous—or content themselves, if necessary, with a simple denial. But Mr. Thackeray seems to be a little more thin-skinned than usual, which, considering that he is so given to satire and general free speech, is certainly rather a curious fact, and worthy the attention of every professor of moral and mental philosophy. He makes very free himself with the *private* doings of the Four Georges—giving among his anecdotes several probably of very doubtful authenticity—and yet would be very much surprised if the ghosts of these royal personages should visit him some night, utterly deny the truth of certain stories that he tells about their private lives, and wind up with an invocation to him to "Attack their *public* deeds, and welcome!"

PHILADELPHIA.

Our little village shows very prettily beside the "Great Metropolis of New York," in several things. We have a greater number of dwellings, a greater number of churches, and a greater number of schools. As to the number of pupils, the two cities may be compared as follows:

	New York.	Philadelphia.
High Schools,	1	2
Pupils,	775	995
Average attendance in all public schools,	51,712	61,475

And then as to certain other things, significant of enterprise, let us call attention to the subjoined comparison:

	New York.	Philadelphia.
Steam Fire Engines,	4	31
Horse Railways,	6	19

Philadelphia contains the *largest* chandelier, lamp, and gas fittings factory in the world, the *largest gasometer* in the world, the most splendid, extensive and costly college edifice in America, the most complete museum of the natural sciences to be found on this side of the ocean, and the greatest locomotive works in the Union.

Then we have the best wharfage of any great city probably in the world—the water being of a considerably greater depth than at the wharves of either Boston or New York. These things are quite to the credit of our pretty "little village."

WATER GAS.

Artificial light is an element so essentially inwrought with all our social habits, pursuits and pleasures, that we cannot picture civilization possible without it. In fact, it will be found that progress in the arts of life, in manufactures, and social intercourse, is in direct relation to the means of cheap and brilliant artificial illumination. It is therefore not to be wondered at that every possible or promised improvement in the manner of lighting our streets and houses arrests the public attention.

Water, so universal and inexpensive, naturally suggests itself to chemists as the proper element to be used in the production of light. Many have been the scientific methods proposed, and numerous have been the speculative schemes, based upon them, to utilize water in gas-making. It would seem, however, that the success that has attended the experiments, made in this city and elsewhere, under Sanders's Patent, by the Keystone Gas Company, gives much reason to believe that we are on the eve of realizing a great gain in this direction. For nearly two months the Girard House, we are told, has been furnished with gas made chiefly from water, at a cost to the proprietors, as is alleged, of less than a fourth of the cost of coal gas, and of a brilliancy far surpassing the usual coal gas light. If these statements should prove to be correct, the introducers of the Water Gas will eminently deserve the thanks of the community.

HEAVY RAINS.—At the great rain of a week or two ago, over six inches of rain fell in this city during the twenty-four hours. During the morning of the 23d, 107-16 inches is said to have fallen at Manayunk, in the Northern part of the city limits—doing a great amount of damage to roads, mills, &c. We are curious to see how the month's record of rain will foot up. Some think it will equal any month on record. It rained last week about as easily as pouring water out of a jug. And as to the moon, it is a terribly "wet one," as the farmers say—standing perpendicular on one of its horns, and unable to hold even a tin-cupful of water. The country looks as green as June, the pastures being very good again.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—The *Sunday Atlas*, of New York, announces that Mr. Henry Morford will hereafter be connected with the editorial management of that paper. Mr. Morford will be remembered by the readers of THE POST, as a frequent contributor to its columns several years ago.

THE CLASSICS.

"Carl Benson," a gentleman who generally writes what is worth reading, in a late number of the "Spirit of the Times," defends the study of the classics. Among other things, he says:—

They (the students) are to study the modern languages. Here is another popular fallacy; that the study of the ancient languages interferes with that of the modern; whereas it both assists and stimulates it. The more languages a man learns, the more he wants to learn, if only for the sake of reading their various literatures in the original. As to *speaking* the modern languages, that is only acquired by practice—in other words, by going to the countries where they are spoken. No college can supply its students with foreign society.

They are to be "versed in the great writers of their own tongue." But this, oh, critic! is relaxation, not study—play, not work. Young men are to read, and devour Shelley and Addison on Saturday evenings and in vacations, and the more ancient literature a young man reads, the more *good* modern literature will he be inclined to read for purposes of comparison and illustration. There are no men better read in English literature than the English University students. * * * *

And, therefore, the greatest service a rich but unlearned parent can do to his sons is to make them learned, if they can be made so. When "Pork Cotton, Esq.," sends his sons to dance the polka, and makes his daughter try to sing Italian, he may be shooting very much at random, and actuated only by the silly motive of wishing them to "look down upon other people." But when he gives his son the best liberal education he can give him, instead of sticking him on a stool in the counting-house, with "the law of trade" to go through—the same grind that he went through himself—he is doing that lad more good than when he puts him down in his will as residuary legatee.

It is true there are some young men, and excellent ones in their way, who never take kindly to a collegiate course. But these are persons who have no turn whatever for the purely intellectual and would do no more with German and chemistry than with Greek and logic. They may go into the army and fight the battles of their country; they may go into agriculture and improve its stock. They are the exceptions, not the rule, and no system of general education can be made to suit these exceptional cases.

No, it is not an obsolete phrase that characterizes our classical studies as "the Humanities." They cultivate and educe the nobler and less sordid portions of our nature. They bring us into communion with the great minds of a by-gone world. They teach us to trace the course of human civilization and progress in other than merely material senses. *Hæc studia*—but no! I won't quote Cicero; perhaps you have an overdose of classicality already. Don't get bored. You know I profess to represent the *esprit*, and to put forth in it all manner of disquisitions—social and literary, that other newspapers wouldn't know enough to publish. This is my "farewell bende" before crossing the pond, and it does me good to take up the gloves once more for my old friend the Greeks. They were "pretty men" in a row; they appreciated the noble animal; they wrote as good poetry and history as has ever been written since; and in spite of tremendous disadvantages they were worth a great deal more than the loafing, canting, shallow headed people so abundant now-a-days, who take their literature from cheap novels, their science from craniologists and "mediums," their religion from the last "new light," and go about as if they were as gods, knowing good and evil, because they live in the age of railroads and telegraphs—great inventions, no doubt, but not qu to comprising all that is necessary to human happiness and progress.

We do not entirely agree with "*Carl Benson*," but we like to read what the advocates of the present Collegiate system have to offer in its behalf. Certainly there is a great deal of time given to the study of Latin and Greek, which might be more profitably employed. We would not banish these studies from our schools and colleges, but we would not make them general. Where there was a peculiar facility in the pupil, or he was destined for one of the professions, Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew in the case of the clerical profession, might be needed. But in the case of a young man who designs becoming a farmer, a merchant, an engineer, &c., it seems to us that the years of youthful study could be better employed by devoting the time to the mathematics, to history—a study of itself almost inexhaustible—to general literature, to one or two modern languages, and other studies bearing particularly upon that path in life which the student, in maturer years, is designed to pursue.

The Greeks and Romans were such great men in their day, that their example lies on the moderns almost like a fetter. Whether a large portion of this ancient greatness, especially the boldness and originality of the Greek mind, was not owing in some degree to their students having less accumulated wisdom to have, and therefore more time and energy to think out the great problems of life for themselves, is a question worthy at least of some consideration. A scholar has only a certain amount of mental vigor—if it is all used in acquiring, there is none left for originating. The vital force which should lead to fresh knowledge, may be all wasted in making the mind a mere library or dictionary. It was not so in the schools of Greece; they were conducted on an entirely different plan, their design being to teach the young to think, even more than to teach them what other men had thought. But we are in danger nowadays, of being crushed to mental death by the very richness of our mental accumulations—and this is the reason very probably that our great and original minds, even in literature, are very seldom our learned ones.

GOLD.

The gold question has again been brought under notice by the Statistical Congress. £101,371,628, we are informed, is the total amount of gold exported from Australia up to the end of 1859. The Rothschilds and other great capitalists evidently expect a fall in the funds on this account, for they are turning their gold into land as fast as possible. The "Wise men of the East" are looking forward to a financial tempest, and wisely are purchasing thousands of acres of English woodland and pasture, in which to take shelter.

We do not see how a "financial tempest" is to be apprehended from a great influx of gold. The only probable effect, as it is generally considered, will be a gradual fall in the value of money as compared with the value of other property. If this fall occurs, the holders of State and Government loans, mortgages, and all other evidences of debt, will of course be gradual losers—while the holders of lands, houses, railroads, canals, &c., will be gradual gainers. We apprehend, however, that these changes will occur so gradually, and with such occasional and apparently contradictory irregularities, that they will not fall oppressively upon any class of the community. The example of the Rothschilds, who are certainly as wise in their generation as to money matters, as there is any need or safety in being, will be probably followed, however, in a considerable degree by large capitalists generally—and real estate be considered not only a safe, but a rising investment, even more than heretofore.

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

Cincinnati will have to bestir herself, if she would preserve the above proud appellation. We subjoin the number of inhabitants of the four leading cities of the West:

	1850.	1860.
Cincinnati,	115,000	161,000
St. Louis,	77,860	150,000
Chicago,	29,963	120,000
Pittsburg,	68,000	130,000

The proportionate increase of St. Louis and Chicago is so much greater than that of Cincinnati, that the census of 1870 will be looked forward to with peculiar interest. It must be remembered, however, that after reaching a certain point, the rate of increase generally diminishes.

When we were out West several years ago, we were greatly amused with the warm discussions in which our Western friends indulged, as to which is to be *the* great city of the West. Between Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, the contest was always very spirited. The disputants would never agree among themselves to have *three* great cities—but would obstinately insist upon one, overshadowing all others, and that one their favorite. We expect that such discussions, in railroad cars and hotels, and on the hurricane decks of steamboats, go on to this day.

Our own opinion, however, is decidedly that, instead of one, there will be at least four or five great cities, probably of about equal size. Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, all seem to be admirably situated for great centres of trade and industry—and probably as many more towns might be picked out whose future will not be very inferior to theirs. We do not believe, however, that either of them will ever grow into *the* London of America—though each may ultimately have a population as vast as the great metropolis of England.

THE WOOL QUESTION.

We find the following anecdote relative to Mr. Peter A. Browne of this city, and his wool and hair theories, in the Ohio Cultivator:—

"Some 12 or 15 years since, Peter A. Browne, of Philadelphia, was about to revolutionize both wool growing and manufacturing with his microscope. He could tell the blood of a sheep by its wool sample. Sheep were to be classified as hairy and woolly—the woolly could only flourish north of a certain isothermal line, and the hairy south of same, &c., &c. But as you are no doubt quite as well or better acquainted with his theories than myself, I need not add more of them, but will relate one circumstance which has not yet been published. F. A. B. ascertained that S——— P———, *of Pennsylvania had one of the finest flocks in the country, obtained some samples, and heralded in due time that* P——— *had the finest flock in the United States.* Various samples equal to the finest flocks of Germany, Silesia, &c.—among these one particularly noted as measuring extreme fine, and being *extraordinarily pure blooded*, was a buck lamb. I could not see just how Peter could determine that P——— had the finest sheep in the United States, unless he had examined all the other fine flocks. So I went and bought this same buck lamb from P———, took a sample from the best part of his fleece, and sent it to a wool dealer in Philadelphia, to present to Peter for examination, without his having any knowledge of where it came from. In due time it was returned examined, &c., with Peter's remarks, the first of which was, '*This sample of wool appears to be from a sheep about three-fourths blooded*," and the rest corresponding! I could relate similar experiences further, but have said enough to show why I have not much faith in microscopic observations of wool."

Burning Coal.—The Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company have recently had all their locomotives altered so as to use coal instead of wood. Each engine is also supplied with a patent apparatus, so that the coal gas is also burned, and the unpleasant odor is avoided. The new arrangement will be quite a relief to the passengers, who have complained of being smoked out in the depot while the engine was being attached to the train.—*The Press.*

So far is the above from being correct that the coal, being bituminous, gives out even a worse smoke than wood. Moreover, it is accompanied by a most villainous odor. Further, the noise of "the blower"—as we are told it is—to a person sitting in the front car especially, is inexpressibly annoying, deafening, and trying to the nervous system. In every respect, the change of fuel is sadly for the worse instead of the better. But if the managers could save anything by it, they would burn tar and assafœtida, and keep a dozen "blowers" continually going. On Saturday morning last, most of the seats of two cars in the 8 o'clock train from Germantown, were either damp or absolutely wet—we have been told that these belong to an old lot of cars, purchased from the Pennsylvania railroad. We only mention these things to show that affairs are mismanaged at present on the road even a little worse than usual—not that we think it will lead to any effort to improve matters.

A Difference of Opinion.—A daily contemporary of this city says of an article in the last Atlantic Monthly, "July Reviewed by September," that "no man on earth could have written it but Oliver Wendell Holmes," and that it "is funny beyond description."

If we were to bet on the matter, we would bet that Dr. Holmes did *not* write the article, and that James Russell Lowell did. There are other funny men in Boston besides Dr. Holmes, and Lowell is one of them. When Lowell and Holmes engage in a contest of wit, everybody else has to leave the room—or die. If Boston is the hub of the universe, they are two very good fellows.

☞ An Indian and a white man were passing along Broadway, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, said: "Ugh—him great man—big brave—take many scalps!"

Genealogy.—The genealogy of the Prince of Wales is, in one sense, a proud one—running up, through Kings and Queens, even to the Norman Conqueror. But then again, one step further, and from what a turbid spring does this proud ancestral river flow. William the Conqueror was himself the illegitimate son of the Duke of Normandy—his mother being a tanner's daughter of Falaise. And yet this is the proudest line of descent in England—probably in the world! It is a fact to moralize upon.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

Bale, August 1, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Marvellous are the powers of steam! A truism of whose truth your "Paris correspondent" has just now a very feeling conviction, that wonder-working agent having transported me, since the writing of my last week's epistle to The Post, from the brilliant restlessness of modern Paris through the sober and quiet of the beautiful old Belgian towns up "the castle Rhine," to the staid, rich, burgher-city, whence I am now addressing you, and from which I am looking out on the snow-covered heads of the giant-mountains of the famous Bernese Oberland, bright with the fairy-like tints of the rosy glow they wear only in certain favored moments when the sun has set for the rest of the world.

The country between Paris and Bruges—the first point of interest to those who enter Belgium from the French frontier—possesses no very marked characteristics. The gradual passage from one race and tongue to another is, however, not without interest; the French type and language being still about one, though with a constant tendency to absorption in the Flemish, until one has penetrated somewhat farther into the country, when the appearance of the people becomes much more English than French, and the latter language, though spoken generally and fluently by the educated classes, is entirely superseded by the Flemish among the great mass of the people.

Rich, thriving, populous, and contented little Belgium has scarcely any rising ground except, perhaps, an occasional ant-hill, in all the portion of its territory through which I have just passed. It is as flat as the north of France, which is saying a good deal; but the cultivation of its soil is much better and more thoroughly conducted than among its neighbors. Splendid crops of wheat, rye, barley, hemp, flax, and potatoes, with occasional fields of tobacco and maize, spread out on all sides as far as the eye can reach. Groves of fine elms, oaks and lindens agreeably vary the monotony of the long succession of wheat and potato fields; though in certain places, long lines of poplars occasionally remind one of France.—Just now, I should say that the staple product of Belgium consists of cherries, a fruit in which the entire kingdom appears, at this season, literally to "live, move and have its being." At every station of its well-managed but dustiest of railways, scores of women and young girls in fantastic head-dresses, hold up their baskets of cherries to your thirsty gaze; passengers, guards, "stokers, pokers," and porters are eating cherries incessantly; and you no sooner enter one of the towns than enormous baskets of cherries, big enough to carry half-a dozen children in, are seen in every direction. The cherries are very sweet and good, not the sour, watery things the French are so fond of, but rich, fat, round and fleshy, and amusingly cheap.

The sleepy, peaceful, picturesque town of Bruges, with its quaint Spanish houses, built centuries ago, their high peaked gables covered with ornamental wooden traceries, and half their walls made up of windows, is a most pleasant place to wander through. Its fine old Stadthaus, surmounted by its famous belfry, towers aloft in its reddish-brown glory, overlooking the market-place, the latter being so quiet and staid, that one can hardly believe its dreariness is ever broken by the chafferings of hucksters intent on gain. The dwelling-place of the renowned Philip Van Artevelde—not a brewer, as is often erroneously supposed, but a patrician and wealthy burgher, and head of the Guild of Brewers—is still pointed out with pride by the descendants of those for whose liberties he sacrificed himself. The people look as quiet and contented as their city; the doors of half the houses stand open, and in the tile-floored better kitchen into which you peep as you go, a group of quiet-looking women, homely, clean and still, are busy making lace, which they will be most happy to sell you on the spot. They sit on low chairs, their feet on a little wooden footstool, their cushions on their laps, and their skillful fingers darting in and out among the complicated bobbins with a rapidity that is perfectly wonderful. I went into one of these cool, quaint, quiet, low-raftered, large-windowed apartments, that happened particularly to strike my fancy as I passed by. It was clean to perfection; the black and red bricks made a pretty pattern on the floor, the light streamed in pleasantly through the innumerable little panes of the great window, the beams, black with age, overhead, were hung with all manner of household stores and utensils, and in the very middle of the room sat three women—one of them young and rather pretty, the other two old and not handsome—ranged in a line, each with her feet on her low wooden stool, their cushions on their knees, and their fingers moving as rapidly as though they were worked by electricity. The lace they were weaving was similar to that known as Valenciennes, but coarser. Very pretty, though; and pas chassable there for a mere trifle. The women pursued their work in a dead silence, through which was audible the occasional plash of the green water in the canal outside; the old ones looked up rather crossly, as though they did not much relish our visit, but the younger one smiled, on hearing that we wanted to watch their work, and the others then very quietly said,—"We were welcome." They did not speak one word while we remained. I do not think our entrance had stopped their gossip; but rather incline to the belief that gossip is unknown to them.

Two peculiarities which struck us here, also seem to indicate a general stagnation of life in this picturesque old place, viz:—the great number of little mirrors ingeniously fixed outside the windows at convenient angles for reflecting to the eyes of those within, whatever may be going forward in the streets; and the cushions, for leaning on, which are placed in all the broad casemented window sills. These cushions are generally covered with crimson or yellow cloth, over which is often to be seen a case of lace or embroidery; they serve the double purpose of keeping out draughts, and of offering a soft bed to the elbows of dame and maiden when leaning out to watch the ripples of existence in the street below. Cats are rife here, and to judge by the frequent appearance of a sleek household tabby, comfortably perched on the window cushion, and gravely contemplating the street, with her tail round her feet, I should say that this little arrangement was as fully appreciated by the mousers of Bruges as by their mistresses.

The numerous canals of this ancient town, its gabled house-fronts, in many streets rising directly out of the water, or with perhaps a narrow strip of garden, or a balcony, full of flowers, overhanging the canal, the oddness of every detail, the scrupulous cleanliness, and unquestioning sleepiness everywhere visible, render it very curious and amusing to see. We were unlucky in one respect, viz., that our passage through it not happening to be made either on a Tuesday, Friday, or a Sunday, we did not hear its famous chime of forty-eight bells, the "finest chime of bells in Europe," which discourse brave music, on those days, from the top of its lofty belfry. To do justice to the wonderful chime aforesaid, to tell how and by whom they were cast, how and when hung, and to describe the complicated music they give out when played upon by means of a keyboard, like that of a piano, to which they are attached, would require all the rest of my letter; so I prudently forbear, merely remarking that the tone of the bells, as heard in the simpler chimes which mark the hours and the quarters of the non-performance days, is very sweet and rich, and inclines one to believe that the pealing hymns which they send forth over the city at stated seasons, must really be very fine. As to the view from the top of the Belfry—a corkscrew ascent of some quarter of a mile of stairs, declined by the ladies of our party, triumphantly performed by the gentlemen—it appears to be as fine as a vast expanse of fat flatness, with the sea on one horizon, and glimpses of distant provinces, and even of foreign lands, on the other, can make it. To sum up its attractions, I may remark that Bruges possesses several old churches, a few of which are very beautiful, and some lovely specimens of Hemling and other early masters; offers an abundant harvest of picturesque "bits" for photographers and painters, pretty rustic baskets, cheap lace, and, as before remarked, "any quantity" of cherries.

Gand, as the French call it, Ghent, as the fine old town calls itself, is like Bruges, but still more marked in its Flemish character. Built at the confluence of two rivers, the Lys and the Scheldt, which divert themselves by seeing into how many streams they can possibly split themselves, and thus contrive to produce no less than twenty-six islands, the place is nearly as full of water-roads as Venice itself, and gives full employment to the stones and timbers of one hundred and ten bridges! The houses are all gabled, like those of Bruges, but are generally larger, often even older, and for the most part more imposing. They are mostly built of brick, plastered, and painted with a soft, creamy, lustrous paint, looking so fresh and clean that you touch it to see if it be not just laid on. The apparent age of these old world houses is strangely lessened by this lavish use of paint, the glittering cleanness of the great wide windows, and all the evidences of comfortable present occupation which are offered by the sight of curtains, stuffed chair-backs, shining knockers, and lids of modern letter boxes let into the ponderous old doors of other days. One is so accustomed to associate, elsewhere, the condition of ruinousness and decay with the idea of old buildings, that it is difficult, at first, to get it into one's head that these well-kept, lustrously-clean, comfortably-furnished houses have sheltered so many successive generations within their walls.

Gand is much richer and grander than Bruges. Its Cathedral Church, dedicated to its patron, viz.:—Saint Bavon, is exceedingly rich, its interior being composed almost exclusively of black and white marble, admirably sculptured, while its pulpit is one of the most magnificent specimens of wood carving extant, by Delvaux, representing various Scriptural personages, as large as life, the whole being shaded by the Genetic apple-tree, laden with leaves and fruitage, the serpent twining about its trunk. This work, not carved in relief, but with people, trees, rocks, &c., fully formed, and grouped as in life, is covered with white paint so artistically applied that at first sight you suppose this marvellous assemblage of carved forms to be done in marble. In the various splendid chapels which surround the body of the church are paintings of immense value and great beauty by Porbus and Rubens; the choir is painted en *grisaille*, (gray and white giving the effect of *basso relievo*) by Van Ryschoot, who has thus produced an exquisite *suite* of Scripture scenes; and among its other treasures are four superb bronze candelabra, formerly belonging to the old St. Paul's Cathedral of London, and sold by Cromwell's orders after the overthrow of Charles I. The gem of this magnificent church, however, is a painting, by the brothers Van Eyck—the inventors of oil painting—which is considered to be their masterpiece. The subject and treatment of this wonderful composition—an altar-piece with wings, painted expressly for the place it now occupies, the gift of a rich burgher of Ghent—are at once *naïfs* and simple, in the manner of the time; but the details are of the utmost richness and beauty, while in splendor of color, skill of execution, and the fidelity with which every different texture-surface, fur, velvet, jewels, gold, &c., is rendered, are such as the most accomplished painters of the present day would fail to equal. This wonderful painting—"The Adoration of the Lamb"—is as bright, rich, and fresh in color as on the day when it left its authors' studio.

The streets and squares of Ghent are wide and spacious; the houses handsome and comfortable-looking, as loftily-gabled, and still more lustrously painted, in white, gray, or cream-color, than the equally ancient dwellings of Bruges; and the little mirrors at the windows are still more numerous. The windows—always casements, and generally wide as well as high—are constantly provided with leaning-cushions, which add greatly to the picturesqueness of their appearance; and occasionally some fair young face, or some bleared-eyed and wrinkled visage, surmounted by a sort of dark-colored silk roll, covered with dingy black lace, might be seen propped on the pair of elbows thereunto belonging, and peering curiously down upon us as we loitered through the streets, bringing forcibly to mind many a charming Flemish painting in which this attitude of feminine curiosity, in the old days when these houses were younger, is perpetuated to our own times by the pencil of contemporary artists, as now, in real life, by the unchanged habits of the people.

The Town hall of Ghent is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe; built, seemingly, at different epochs, and one of its fronts being especially beautiful. Among the most interesting features of this superb old town is an institution called the Begrimage, after its founder, Beg or Bega, sister of Charlemagne, and Empress of Byzantium, in which reside several hundred women, forming a sort of lace-making nunnery, whose members are free to leave when they like, to marry, and to return again in case of widowhood. The details of this curious and very useful establishment would demand more space than I can afford to give to the subject in the present letter, and must be reserved for a future occasion; but I may here remark that the sight of this extensive enclosure, with its rows of pretty little houses, each looking out on its flower-garden through an abundance of shining windows, its quaint portal, ornamented with rude paintings, sculptures, and mottoes, its rows of poplars, lit up by the sunshine of one of the few glorious summer days we have had this season, its quietly flowing canal, its meadows, and grazing cows, and the singular dress of its members as they moved along its miniature streets, or passed in and out of the arched portals just mentioned, was one of the most striking that can well be imagined.

On our arrival at the railway station of this most picturesque and pleasant city, we found that a tremendous *fete* was going on. There had been on the previous day a great gathering of delegates from the choral associations of a great number of the principal Belgian towns, who had met to compete for a series of prizes, the highest of which had been carried off by the singers of Bruges. The city was hung from one end to the other with flags, streamers, garlands of flowers, and gilded emblems of various meaning. The different bands of singers were parading the streets in every direction, constantly breaking out into songs, in which the towns-people (who seemed to have turned out *en masse*,) would chime in with as much spirit as their guests, with whom they were fraternising in the most affectionate style; the processions of singers, each headed by its flag, presented a most whimsical appearance, their members carrying absurd little parasols of painted paper, on most of which were stuck cakes, gingerbread, or bunches of flowers. The flags of the victorious associations displayed supplementary pennons announcing the prize taken by their members, and displaying all sorts of odd objects, apparently got together for the fun of the thing. Thus one of the standards was adorned with pairs of snuffers, sets of spoons, and pepper-boxes, so arranged as to form a regular pattern; another carried candlesticks, brooms and bellows, artistically grouped; all these whimsical decorations being abundantly intermixed with flowers. The winners seemed to be in a fever of glorification at their own success; the choir from Bruges, which had provided itself with a splendid crimson flag, on which was recorded in golden letters, the fact of its having won "The First Prize of Honor," being wild with exultation. The new flag was carried aloft by a slim young man who was himself borne on the shoulders of a lusty comrade, and every few minutes the whole procession would form a circle round this pair, taking hands, and dancing a round about the standard-bearers, in which every one near them took part; singing, shouting, laughing and capering, in a state of the highest delight. The associations which had carried off the other prizes were in equal spirits; and those who had failed—though they had twisted a bit of black crape about their banners—seemed no whit less joyously inclined than their more successful comrades.

Excited and rejoicing as was Ghent at the time of our arrival, the previous day had been *the* grand *fete* day; the King, with his family, the ministers and a mass of the aristocracy of Brussels having come down to be present at the competition, which had taken place in the principal square, where a throne had been erected, and a quantity of gold and velvet draperies put up. When the singing was over, the city gave a banquet to the King and Court, and a ball, an illumination, and a general turnout of the population had taken place in the evening. The insidious action of France, whose emissaries are trying to persuade the Belgian laborers that their condition would be more prosperous if joined to the great Empire on their southern borders, and to persuade the rest of Europe that Belgium desires to be annexed to her dominions, has stirred up the loyal and contented Belgians to a pitch of demonstration unusual even for them. The extraordinary enthusiasm with which the King had just been received at Ghent, and has since been welcomed in other points of his dominions, has been unquestionably intended to testify to the rest of the world the utter falsehood of the French pretensions.

Brussels, the capital of this thriving and contented little country, is one of the brightest, whitest, handsomest, and cheerfullest of cities. The modern portion of the city looks not a little like Paris; but is infinitely cleaner than the French metropolis, if not quite so splendid. Its shops are a repetition of those of Paris, in miniature; with the advantage, for their frequenters, of furnishing the beautiful laces for which Belgium is so renowned, at prices from half to two thirds cheaper than they can be got in Paris. Its most famous objects are the splendid painted glass in the windows of the church of St. Gudule, and the renowned "Manniken fountain," a diminutive undraped figure of black marble, standing in the centre of a large stone basin, to which he furnishes, in a manner which I must beg the readers of The Post to imagine for themselves, a never-failing stream o' excellent water. This whimsically "ill behaving" little fellow, "the oldest citizen of Brussels," is an immense favorite with the public; and on gala days is attired in the field day uniform of the Civic Guard and decorated with the order of St. Louis. Besides a most amusing display of little mirrors at every window, Brussels boasts a very handsome public garden, round which are grouped the royal palace, and the residences of the various ministers. It has theatres, a picture gallery, a collection of various kinds; and boasts several princely residences, and a crowd of elegant equipages. The river Senne flows through its lower part; and its handsome Botanic gardens command a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It is a most lively, charming, handsome little capital; but offers, with its modern architecture and bustling appearance, a striking contrast to the ancient Flemish towns which give to its provinces so peculiar a charm.

The feeling against France is exceedingly strong, just now, in Belgium. All the educated classes are warmly attached to their nationality, and their affection for the king amounts almost to a passion. Great indignation is constantly expressed by the Belgians at what they call "the corrupting policy of France," and great anxiety is felt that the rest of Europe should know that they utterly repudiate the idea that they wish for annexation to France. They declare that they have far greater sympathy with England than with France, notwithstanding the habitual use of the French language by the polite classes, and a degree of vivacity which distinguishes them from the more purely German peoples; and that if they were compelled to unite with any other nation it would be their choice to annex themselves to England rather than to France. But they altogether repudiate the idea of annexation to anybody; and declare that if France—whom of course they cannot hope to resist unless backed by England—should covetously seize upon their country, such an act would be "a great and abominable crime." So universal is this sentiment throughout the educated and thinking portion of the Belgian people that it would be impossible for the vainest of Frenchmen to visit in person the pleasant, kindly, industrious little bee-hive whose riches the French are so desirous to appropriate that they have actually persuaded themselves that its inhabitants are longing to be joined to them, without perceiving—unless he were stone-deaf!—that nothing could possibly be more antipathetic to Belgium than the idea of the "annexation" now so openly discussed and predicted among her neighbors.

QUANTUM.

THE INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

The following practical joke at the expense of the author of "Two Thousand a Year," is ascribed by a London correspondent of the New York Times to a late eminent English judge:

"When Warren was fighting his way at the bar, he met one day in Chancery Lane with a rising lawyer, who knew him well. Said Warren: 'My dear fellow, you are the very man whom I wanted most to see. I am in trouble. I want your advice. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Warren is very ill. You know what a susceptible creature she is, noble woman, admirable woman, and I am invited to dine with the Lord Chancellor to morrow, at his house. What can I do? My dear friend, you are the very man to advise me.'

"The gentleman responded very sensibly, that it depended upon the state of Mrs. Warren's health, to which Warren replied that her nervous system was very delicate, but that professionally he ought not to omit dining with the Lord Chancellor, &c., &c. Finally, after many *pros* and *cons*, Warren suffered himself to be persuaded to stay at home, and not to dine with the Lord Chancellor. Upon this his friend commended his resolution, and added that he need not trouble himself to explain the cause of his absence in his letter to the Lord Chancellor, for that he also was invited to dine there, and would make a point of attending to him, Warren, in the kindest possible way. With this he suddenly wished Warren good-day, and went rapidly off. The latter paused a moment, and then rushed after him.—'Stop! stop!' he cried. 'I wish to say that you had better not mention me to his lordship.' 'Oh, yes, I will. Be sure of it. Good-bye,' called out the other, moving off in a hurry. Warren rushed after him, breathless. 'The fact is,' he said, 'you must not say anything.' 'Why not, Mr. Warren?' 'The fact is,' he replied, 'that a—in fact—a—I am not exactly going to dine with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow. I was putting a case, merely. I know he is going to invite me. Don't say a word, I beg, I implore you.' '*Not* going to dine with the Lord Chancellor to morrow?' said the other; 'did I understand you to say, after all this talk, that you are *not* going to dine with him?' 'No! no! I tell you,' cried poor Warren, in an agony. 'No. Nor I either,' quoth his friend. 'Good-bye, Warren!'"

☞ In one of the English colonies a competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the government offices. One of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two n's—thus, Vennice. The examiner, a clever man, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired, "Do you not know, sir, that there is but one *kin* in Venice?" "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.

☞ What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspeare's Shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer, I earn that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

☞ A witness was called to the stand to give in his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the counsel at the bar, and before testifying, very earnestly made the inquiry—"Say, stranger, which side am I on?"

THE ARSENIC EATERS OF STYRIA.

From a lecture on Chemistry, delivered at the Middlesex Hospital, in England, we gather the following curious facts in relation to arsenic eating. The lecturer says:

Arsenic is commonly taken by the peasants in Styria, the Tyrol, and the Salzkammergut, principally by huntsmen and wood-cutters, to improve their wind and prevent fatigue. It is taken pure in some warm liquid, as coffee, fasting, beginning with a bit the size of a pin's head, and increasing to that of a pea. The complexion and general appearance are much improved, and the parties using it seldom look so old as they really are, but he has never heard of any case in which it was used to improve personal beauty, though he cannot say that it is never so used. The first dose is always followed by slight symptoms of poisoning, such as burning pain in the stomach, and sickness, but not very severe. Once beginning it can only be left off by very gradually diminishing the daily dose, as a sudden cessation causes sickness, burning pains in the stomach, and other symptoms of poisoning, very speedily followed by death. As a rule, arsenic eaters are very long-lived, and peculiarly exempt from infectious diseases, fevers, &c., but unless they gradually give up the practice invariably die suddenly at last.

In some arsenic works near Salsburg, the only men who can stand the work for any time are those who swallow daily doses of arsenic, the fumes, &c., soon killing the others. The director of these works sent me the following particulars of his own case:

"At seventeen years of age, while studying assaying, I had much to do with arsenic, and was advised by my teacher, M. Bousch, professor of chemistry and mineralogy at Eisleben, to begin the habit of arsenic eating. I quote the precise words he addressed to me: 'If you wish to continue the study of assaying, and become hereafter the superintendent of a factory, in which position there are so few, and which is abandoned by so many, and to preserve yourself from the fumes, which injure the lungs of most, if not all, and to continue to enjoy your customary health and spirits, and to attain a tolerably advanced age, I advise you, nay, it is absolutely necessary, that besides strictly abstaining from spirituous liquors, you should learn to take arsenic; but do not forget when you have attained the age of fifty years, gradually to decrease your dose, till from the dose to which you have become accustomed, you return to that with which you began, or even less.'"

"I have made trial of my preceptors prescription till now, the forty-fifth year of my age. The dose with which I began, and that which I take at present, I inclose; they are taken once a day, early, in any warm liquid, such as coffee, but not in any spirituous liquors. The doses sent were, No. 1, original dose, three grains; No. 2, present dose, twenty-three grains of pure white arsenic in coarse powder. Mr. —— continues: 'About an hour after taking my first dose (I took the same quantity daily for three months) there followed a slight perspiration, with griping pains in the bowels, and, after three or four hours, a loose evacuation; this was followed by a keen appetite and a feeling of excitement. With the exception of the pain, the same symptoms followed every increase of the dose. I subjoin as a caution that it is not advisable to begin arsenic eating before the age of twelve or after thirty years.' In reply to my question if any harm results from either interrupting, or altogether discontinuing the practice, he replies: 'Evil consequences only ensue from a long continued interruption.'

"From circumstances I am often obliged to leave it off for two or three days, and I feel only slight languor and loss of appetite, and I resume taking the arsenic in somewhat smaller doses. On two occasions, at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I attempted entirely to leave off the arsenic. The second time was in January, 1856; I was induced to try a second time, from a belief that my first illness might have arisen from some other cause. On the third day of the second week after leaving off the dose, I was attacked with faintings, depressed in spirit, mental weakness, and a total loss of the little appetite I had. Sleep, also, entirely deserted me. On the fourth day I had a violent palpitation of the heart, accompanied by profuse perspiration. Inflammation of the lungs followed, and I was laid up for nine weeks, the same as on the first occasion of leaving off the arsenic. Had I not been bled, I should most likely have died of apoplexy. As a restorative, I resumed the arsenic eating in smaller doses, and with a firm determination never again to be seduced into leaving it off, except as originally directed by my preceptor. The results on both occasions were precisely the same, and death would certainly have ensued had I not resumed arsenic eating.

"One of the most remarkable points in this narrative is, that this gentleman *began* with a dose which we should consider poisonous. This is the only case of which I have been able to obtain such full particulars, but several others have been mentioned to me by those who know the parties and can vouch for the truth."

MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT.

It is now more than forty years ago, that Mr. L—— called at the house of Dr. B——, one very cold morning on his way to H——.

"Sir," said the Doctor, "the weather is very frosty—will you not 'take something to drink,' before you start?"

In that early day, ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L——, "I never touch anything of that kind; and I will tell you the reason; *my wife is the cause of it.*

"I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops, and liquors were introduced.—After a while we met, not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated.—My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied,

"'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months; when I at last resolved that I would, by returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unburthen my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said,

"'Come in, husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment, that I would never touch another drop while I lived, and I never will!"

He never did. He lived and died practising total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has ravaged as much as any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The fact above related I received from the doctor himself, on a visit to my native village, not long since.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: 'When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.'"

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance:

"The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of the session, (which was then three days off.) I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there be so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

THE BROKER AND HIS CLERK.

One of the leading brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money was a great temptation to him. Small sums were missed day after day; a quarter once, then one dollar, then two dollars were missed. He was charged with the peculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed.

"Now," said the broker, "I shall not discharge, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep you, and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way.—Now let me see no more of this."

He went to his work. He did not disappoint the confidence. He did honor to his employer, and the other day he was inducted into one of our banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of $10,000.

Had he conducted as some would have done—sent the boy away, proclaimed his dishonor—perhaps he would have ended his days in the State Prison, and been sent to his tomb in the garb of a convict. But a young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amid the temptation of money, and for a moment was overcome.

School Teaching.—With regard to the practice of giving scholars lessons to be studied at home, an indignant writer says:—

"The whole system of merely *hearing* lessons recited in public schools is a cunning fraud of teachers, falsely so called. Those teachers teach nothing. They sit majestically enthroned in their school chairs, to decide, daily, whether the *parents* have done their—that is, the teachers'—work at home, and to punish or reward the scholar for the parent's ability or ignorance.

"When we pay taxes for public schools, or enormous fees for private ones, we want tutors not magistrates, for our money; we want the men and women employed in schools, to do something more than sit up in state and ask questions—we want them to teach our children something they did not know, and not send them home to be taught, that they, the teachers, may diurnally go through the farce of hearing them recite, what parents have taught them, and they know already."

The Lion and the Unicorn.—James I. was the first who united the lion and the unicorn heraldically, adopting the latter beast from the supporters of the Scottish sovereigns. The conjunction of these animals on an ecclesiastical vestment of the period of the Reformation, must be attributed to religious symbolism rather than to any heraldic arrangement; the lion typifying fortitude and strength, while the unicorn is typical of fortitude and chastity. As such the former may have reference to our Lord "the Lion of Judah," and the latter may be an emblem of the blessed Virgin Mary. The tradition with regard to the unicorn, that it would never be caught, except by a virgin, and that if its skin was at all defiled it pined away and died, is well known. Its capture was a favorite subject with the Mediæval artist. I have before met with these animals as a powdering for a vestment, I think among the inventories in Sir William Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE WAY TO SPOIL GIRLS.

If any parent wishes a receipt how to spoil daughters, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious. 1. Be always telling her, from earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl to be constantly exclaiming, "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done to the character in its earliest formation. 2. Begin, as soon as she can toddle around, to rig her out in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flounces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young mortal, and be a long step towards spoiling her. 3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting and change of place and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be. 4. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in life. Your daughter won't be spoiled so long as she has a real desire to be useful in the world and aims of its accomplishments. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter. 5. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen; such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress a salad or make a pudding. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a velvet sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flounces, reading the last flash novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house. 6. To complete the happiness of your *spoiled daughter*, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will be finished for her lifetime.—*Godey's Magazine.*

THE LITTLE ONE'S SONG.

Low murmured words I hear, mother,
When I am fast asleep,
Which mingle in my dreams, mother,
And almost make me weep.

Soft kisses, too, I feel, mother,
Warm on my lips and eyes,
And a gentle breath upon my cheek,
That on thy bosom lies.

The little angels round me,
My soul with them would keep;
But my heart is linked with thine, mother,
And I waken from my sleep.

I wake, and bending o'er me,
Thine eyes look into mine:
The whispering voice, the loving kiss,
Sweet mother, they are thine!

A BAD HABIT FOR A MOTHER.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal:"

Mrs. Colman used to say she could not see why her children did not mind her better. She was sure she did not drive them, and make them obstinate in that way, and they had everything done for them which could be done, and yet they never yielded cheerful obedience; and she looked anxious and worried all the time. However, she would have stoutly resented it if any one else had ventured the opinion that they were not the best children in the world, or had suggested a change in her manner of governing them.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and all the little Colmans were in the sitting-room, when the customary scene was commenced, which was repeated with slight variations every evening.

"Come, Horace," began the mother, addressing her eldest boy, a child of ten years. "Come, it is bed-time now—you had better put away your book."

"Oh, I can't go to bed now—I'm right in the middle of a story, besides, I ain't going as long as Carrie sits up."

"Come, Carrie, you go to," said the mother. "You won't feel like getting up in the morning."

Carrie took no notice of her mother's remark, but went on crocheting, and the mother busied herself with the baby, who presently fell asleep in her arms.

"There, Georgie, you're sound asleep on the sofa; you must wake up now and go up stairs."

No answer from Georgie.

Presently Mrs. Colman rose and laid the baby softly in the cradle. He had been very fretful all day. She began to shake Georgie gently by the shoulder, saying, over and over again,

"Come, wake up, Georgie."

"Be still!" vociferated the little fellow at last.

"Sh! sh! don't wake up the baby," said the mother, but Georgie clamored, and presently the baby joined in.

"Dear me, what a noise," said Horace, pettishly. The mother jogged the cradle gently, and by the time its refractory occupant was quiet, the boy upon the sofa was sound asleep again, where he lay till past nine o'clock. At last the waking up scene was recommenced, and the mother began to coax her daughter to rock the cradle.

Ungraciously, at last, she rose, and began to jog the cradle, muttering something about the plague of babies.

After some ten minutes of coaxing, with "Come now, *do*, Georgie, come, please do," reiterated for the fortieth time, Master Georgie was half led and half carried to bed. The two elder children went when their mother did.

Every morning a similar scene was carried on before breakfast to get the children up, and before school to get them ready and started, and the "come now," and the "please do," were about as effectual as in the previously cited instance, usually resulting in the children's doing as they pleased, or being hired to do as their mother pleased.

Occasionally the tune was varied to, "I wouldn't," "now please don't," when Master Horace proposed to go skating on the river, or riding a dangerous horse—or Georgie took the vases from the mantlepiece to fill his little wheelbarrow.

Poor Mrs. Colman sighed and fretted and worried, but never tried the simple remedy once recommended to her, a little firm authority. Her will was weak—the children strong, and they came off victors. There are many Mrs. Colmans, spoiling many families of children.

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

I say, then, in deep earnestness, to every youth who hopes or desires to become useful to his race, or in any degree eminent through literature, seek first of all things a position of pecuniary independence; learn to live by the labor of your hands, the sweat of your face, as a necessary step towards the career you contemplate. If you can earn but three shillings a day, by rugged yet moderate toil, learn to live contentedly on two shillings, and so preserve your mental faculties fresh and unworn to read, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length, when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truths *will* have utterance, begin to write sparingly and tersely for the nearest suitable periodical—no matter how humble or obscure—if the thought is in you, it will find its way to those who need it. Seek not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you; then accept it, if an object, and not involving too great sacrifices of independence and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of the literary character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is, or believes himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment, and for the largest price, I cannot hope that the public will be induced to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher.—*Greeley.*

Preservation by the Chemistry of Nature.—We remember reading how, upon a day not many years since, certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a *fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had* passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil: the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face. A generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face, which through all these years she had never quite forgot. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on: a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coals, or even iron; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-haired old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago; but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

Early Gas-Lighting.—At the first gas-works at Westminister, in 1810–12, an extensive explosion took place, when a committee of the Royal Society was, at the request of the Government, appointed to investigate the matter. They met several times at the gas-works to examine the apparatus, and made a very elaborate report, in which they stated as their opinion, that if gas-lighting was to become prevalent, the gas works ought to be placed at a considerable distance from all buildings, and that the reservoirs should be small or numerous, and always separated from each other by mounds of earth or strong party-walls! Some sixty years before, in 1753, Sir James Lowther described to the Royal Society a curious spontaneous evolution of gas at a colliery near Whitehaven. It annoyed the workmen so much that a tube was made to carry it off. Sir James states that parties were in the habit of filling bladders with the gas, and burning it at their convenience. It appears strange that this hint did not bring gas-lighting into use earlier.—*From Timbs's Curiosities of Science, Second Series.*

Impudence.—Captain D——, a young military officer, celebrated for that rare quality, modesty, was lately walking with a friend in the Home-park, Windsor, when they met two remarkably fine young ladies, dressed very plainly, and, at least to appearance, unattended. D.'s Mercutio-minded friend offered the gallant officer a wager he did not dare to go up to one of the rustic beauties and enter into conversation with her. Dreading his friends raillery on the score of bashfulness, he screwed his "courage to the sticking place," accepted the wager, and in a very civil manner, addressed himself to the strangers, and begged respectfully to know their opinion of the weather, but when, to his astonishment, he became aware that the one was the Princess A—— and the other the Princess H——, who were quietly enjoying a walk in a plain and simple manner, in the utmost confusion he bowed and stammered out an apology, and retreated, while their royal highnesses, with great condescension and good humor, smiled at his mistake, and enjoyed his confusion.

HAPPY NANCY—THE TRUE SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary old woman. She tended a little garden, and knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of Happy Nancy. She had no money, no family, no relations; she was half blind, quite lame and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at the door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact. I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret. Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant around you—what is the reason you are so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself you see, cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make the garden things come up the same, season after season. He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are in blossom, and your little plants out—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why don't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to Heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demons of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be better for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do what your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike toward the great Father who created you; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and above all "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would give no place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

Sacred Legend.—Two heathen merchants met together in an inn in the Desert. "I have a male slave," said one to the other, "the like to whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." And the other said, "I have a female slave, the like of whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." Then they agreed to marry these two together, and to divide the children between them; and in the evening both the slaves were brought into a room. One stood in one corner, and the other in the other corner, and the male slave said: "I, a priest, and the son of a high priest, should I marry a slave?" And the female said in the other corner of the room, "I, a priestess, the daughter of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" And when the morning approached, they discovered that they were brother and sister. They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, and wept, and wept, until the souls of both departed. And it is on account of this that Jeremiah said, "Over these I weep, I weep; mine eye, mine eye, runs down with water."—*Rev. J. Wolff, (the converted Jew.)*

The Duke of Wellington's Breeches.—When the late Mrs. Caroline Jane London, the botanical writer, wrote to Apsley House for permission to see the remarkable beech grove at Strathfieldsaye, forming the "Waterloo avenue," and presenting the finest specimens of the *arbor fagus* in England, she briefly asked in her note to see his Graces Waterloo beeches, the signature being J. C. Loudon; whereupon his Grace despatched the well-known reply, addressed to Right Rev. Dr. Bloomfield, (J. C. London,) mistaking the signature, and confounding a fig tree with a beech: "F. M. Duke of Wellington's compliments to the Bishop of London; is told by his body servant that the trowsers worn at Waterloo were given away many years ago to Mr. Haydon, the painter, at the request of that gentleman, who may possibly have them still. July 21, 1839."

The Proof of a Salad.—The sea traveller, cast suddenly on an unknown shore, the victim of sea scurvy perhaps, or, at any rate, slightly tired of salt meat, longs instinctively for a green salad. But the herbs and roots are new to his eye. It is an untrodden land, over which no botanists has roamed; what sign, then, shall guide our shipwrecked mariner? If by chance he notices a herb with small cross-like flowers—flowers which awaken reminiscences of cabbage, or turnip, or cress blossom at home—he may fearlessly, and without hesitation, pluck the vegetable and partake of it as a salad.

A JUDGMENT.

A certain *reis* had died, leaving a large fortune. He had but one son, and it was doubtful even whether that sole heir was living, for he had left the country long since, in consequence of his marriage to a portionless girl of some wandering tribe—a connection to which his father would not consent, and no one knew what had become of him.

On the death of the reis, then, instead of one son to claim the succession, no fewer than three presented themselves, the evidence brought forward by all and each of whom seemed equally entitled to a credit; a fact which brought the Nagib into a difficulty with regard to the judgment.

"My sagacity," said he to me, "must never be at fault in deciding upon the disputes of my people; otherwise, they would doubt the infallibility of my judgments, and my authority would be diminished. How would you decide on this matter, supposing you were in my place?"

"Defer judgment for one month," said I.

"And then?"

"I have an idea on the subject. We will discuss it during that time."

The parties were dismissed for a month. Meanwhile, I recommended the Nagib to spread a report that the deceased reis, in order to protect his son from the effects of the evil eye, which he suspected had been cast upon him at his birth, had traced a crescent upon his breast with the point of a djemble.

Now, if all three claimants were rogues, they would each have made such a mark to show when the time for judgment came, without fearing suspicion, as the scar would have had time to heal; whereas, if one of them was really the son of the deceased, he would have no such mark.

It all came to pass as I had foretold. Two of the claimants came forward at the end of the month, each displaying a crescent scarified upon his breast, while the third said:

"I am the true son of him whose heritage I claim, and yet I have no crescent marked upon my breast like these, my adversaries. Some lie has been devised to debar me from justice and rob me of my birthright? Surely one, at least, of these two men must be an impostor."

SEA BATHING.

It is surprising that "good swimmers" should ever allow themselves to sink in a "sea puss." This happens simply because they lose their presence of mind, and are literally frightened to death before they are drowned. It is in vain that the strongest swimmer may try to stem the current of the "puss," but let him reflect a moment. It is a narrow shoot of water which can be crossed diagonally in its own direction, by a swimmer, just as a vessel will sail with the wind on her quarter. And when crossed, he is at liberty to turn his head to shore. This course will, at all events, give his friends time to come to his aid, whereas a persistent struggle against the shoot, only exhausts his strength, and hastens the moment of his sinking.

Sea water bears up the body better than fresh, on account of its greater weight, and the body will float easier in proportion to its immersion. It is, therefore, better to let the lower limbs sink considerably, and try to keep the mouth only above the surface, than to attempt by violent exertion to float the whole body horizontally. With presence of mind, even an indifferent swimmer might throw himself on his back, and by a very gentle motion of the feet, keeping his hands perfectly still on his hips, float like a cork for half an hour, where there is no surf, but a smooth roll, or rise and fall of the surface. Ocean bathers should accustom themselves to think that it is really easier to swim in the roll of the sea where the water is "forty fathoms deep," than in fresh water where they can at any moment stand on the bottom. It is terror, and nothing else that drowns a good swimmer in a "a sea puss." Every bather should take favorable opportunities to try the various methods of relief suggested, and establish his own confidence in them; and the result will be that his presence of mind will not be destroyed by a little danger. He will be able to use them, and to save other lives as well as his own.—*Century.*

Haunted House at Edinburgh.—One house close to the High street, which stands empty and deserted to the present hour, merits its story told:—

The house I mean stands on the Lawn Market. The owners—respectable people—had invited some guests to dinner. It was bright day, the clock was just going to strike twelve, the table was laid, and the fire crackled in the chimney. Each took his seat, and the housefather began to say grace. When he reached the words "lead us not into temptation," a spot in the wall opened, where no one had ever noticed a door, and a female form emerged. She shook her head, pointed to the spot on the ground, and then walked, partly averted as if in the conscience of her guilt, to the spot she had indicated. All present fled in horror from the house. A hundred years have passed away since the disturbed dinner, and just so long the house has remained deserted. No one has been yet found with the inclination to turn the key in the rusty door, and see whether the table yet remains laid or not.

The Flageolet Worshipper.—There was an excellent musician, who was so entirely enamored of the flageolet, which he managed finely, that he was forever playing it, though the instrument had no part in the score. He doubled with the flute, or the oboe, or the clarionet; he would have doubled with the bassoviol rather than remain silent. One of his brother musicians ventured to say that it was strange he should allow himself to play in a Beethoven symphony. "You *mechanize* my instrument," said he, "and pretend to despise it! Fools! If Beethoven had heard me, his works would be full of flageolet solos, and he would have made his fortune. But he never heard me, *and he died in a hospital.*"—*H. Bertioz.*

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Ah, weel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's a comfort—Jack Tamson's is not a bit better."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by the merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair,
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh, false of heart and false of soul!—oh, thou so
weak and poor
In all that, giving love, ensures the sweet return of
more!
How could I stoop to raise thee up to my own
higher sphere?
How could I wrong my womanhood by making thee
so dear?

Go to! I am no prophetess, and yet I can but
say
What even my slight skill discerns within thy future
day;—
How wrong, and shame, and vain remorse will rise
to break thy rest,
And ghosts of all thy broken vows wail requiems in
thy breast! M. B.

It is an amusing thing to "sow wild oats," but when it comes to the gathering in of the crops, the business is by no means so pleasant. We have all probably learnt this in a greater or less degree. The crop always springs up, too, at the wrong times, and in the wrong places; and the very people, of all others, from whom we wish to keep certain little proceedings secret, are generally the ones to witness the harvesting; and then we cut such contemptible figures, and watch all our cherished plans for the future tumbling to the ground (merely through this mishap) with such foolish as well as rueful faces! Believe me, it is very much better—even in a perfectly worldly point of view—to keep a clear conscience always, and so have no "harvest homes" to which we cannot invite our nearest and dearest with rejoicing hearts.

The poor Earl was in a most ludicrous position, though, I dare say, he could see nothing very funny in it. He had married Madelaine Labonne, it is true; but what was to hinder her from unmarrying herself, or, at least, ordering him out of her house very speedily, when Ruth had told her tale? The trick of the garden window, also, would be exposed, and Clifford summoned back, when—if the Earl refused to apply for a divorce, or to grant one—she would very probably go and live with the idiot, merely to revenge herself on him. "I wish to heaven there was not a woman in the world!" he groaned within himself, as he eyed the silent, wild looking Ruth. You see, like most, or, rather, like *all*—men, he visited his own sins on the head of his victim, and was cursing her in his heart, simply because she had been deceived by him, and so brought matters to this pretty pass!

Not a word was spoken among those three till the carriage drew up at a private door in a little lane near Charlemount House. Roberts, in spite of his surprise, had his wits about him, and preferred disembarking his queer cargo at this mysterious entrance, which led to some very beautiful supper rooms and saloons, in the gardens of the mansion. Many a beautiful woman had tripped through that plain little door—nay, Ruth herself had entered it more than once, although she did not seem to recognize it now. A bell pealed faintly far away, as Roberts pulled a handle near the door, and after a minute or two it opened slowly, and the pale face of Howe looked out.

"What is it?" he asked.

"As nice a mess, my man, as ever you see in all your born days!" said Roberts, *sotto voce;* and then going to the carriage door, he opened it, and stood waiting for orders.

The Earl sprang out first, in spite of a scream from Ruth, who grasped his coat frantically to detain him. Seeing Howe, he rushed up to him, seized him by the neckcloth, and shook him till he was nearly black in the face.

"You villain! how dare you come before me, after—after that?" he cried, pointing to the trembling girl.

Howe's face grew livid as he shook himself free from his master's hold.

"My lord, I can explain it all! I—I came up by a special train on purpose!"

"Oh, you did? I am very much obliged to you. Tom, my good fellow, will you take charge of her while I talk to him? Take her to the library;—Roberts will show you the way, and we will stand near the horses till he comes back. Confound you! can't you keep your tongue between your teeth, now?" he added, savagely, to Ruth. "Do you want to have the police down upon me, you curse?"

"Oh, George—George!"

"Yes, it is George, sure enough. For heaven's sake take her away, Tom, or I shall murder her!"

"Come, my dear," said the Captain, soothingly: and, scared and wretched, Ruth let him lead her away.

"Now, sir, how did all this happen?" said Charlemount, turning to Howe.

"My lord, I went down to the cottage, as you told me."

"Be quick! Do you know that *my wife*"—he laughed bitterly—"is waiting for me, at Brompton?"

"You are married! She did not interrupt the service?"

"I should think not!" cried the Earl, with a dreadful oath. "You would never have seen her here alive, if she had done that!"

"My lord, I hope you will allow me to wish you joy!" and the man bowed profoundly.

"Confound it! Go on with your story. It appears to me that there is very little joy in prospect just now. How came you both here in London?"

"I will tell you. Mrs. Maining had everything in readiness when I got down there; and Ruth went into those rooms that I told you of last week, without suspecting anything. When she was safe, the story came out."

"Did you tell her everything?"

"Only that you were to be married."

"But not the lady's name?" asked Charlemount, quickly.

"Of course not, my lord. I do not think she has the slightest idea of it."

"That is well. Go on. How did she take the news?"

"Raved and cried, my lord."

"Of course. Anything else?"

"She vowed she would come and beg you not to desert her. Then she ran into all the rooms, and when she found she could not get out, she screamed for help."

"Well!"

"I told her she might as well keep her breath for better purposes, since the villagers all believed her mad!"

"*Do* they believe it?"

"Every one of them. And as she has no friends or relatives, to make a hue-and-cry after her, it will be the easiest thing on earth to take her back again."

"Yes; especially if you take as good care of her as you have this time!" was the sarcastic reply.

"I did my best, my *lord*," said Howe, humbly.

"Then how did she come here to-day?"

"Well, you see, she was like a mad woman, after I had told her all this. So I left for a little while. I was going to see her again that night, before I left. I dined with Mrs. Maining, in time for the train I wished to catch, and then went up to her room."

"What did she say then?"

"My lord, she was not there."

"What! She got away under your very nose, while you were in the house?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"By Jove, sir, you ought to be sent to the Tower, or to the whipping-post!" cried the Earl. "A boy, six years old, would be ashamed of such folly!"

"Indeed, my lord, I hardly see how you can blame me. I left her shut up, without door or window that she could open; and when I got back, what do you think she had done?"

"How should I know?"

"Taken the sheets from the bed-room, and torn them into strips—"

"And braided a rope, &c., &c. I know all about it, Howe. I have read a thousand such stories, in old novels. But what could she do with a rope ladder, if she could not get the window open?"

"She broke the glass, my lord, and raised it. There was blood all over the panes."

"But the bars, idiot?"

"Ah, the bars! Much good *they* did! The mortar had not hardened, and the workmen were fools! The consequence was, that, with a good wrench or two, she had one of them off, and slipped out through the place like an eel, tied the ladder to the sill, and swung herself down. It was dark, and no one saw her; but when we came to make inquiries, the child at the lodge had cried itself into convulsions, because, it said, a ghost came into the kitchen, and took its mother's cloak off the nail, and ran away down the road with it."

"It was Ruth?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Why did you not follow her?"

"I came at once; but she must have had an hour's start, for though I tracked her on the line, her train was in long before ours. I have been looking for ever since in town, and only came home dead beat about a quarter of an hour before you, my lord—may I ask where you found her?"

"In Park Lane. She was doing tragedy business to a select audience of butchers and potboys," groaned the Earl. "And when she saw me, she flung her arms around my neck, and called me 'Georgy' before them all! It is a sweet affair, take it on all sides! What shall we do with her? How in the fiend's name can I face Regina, till she is disposed of? I shall go mad!"

Howe considered. On the one hand, it would be difficult to get Ruth away, or, at least, to manage her when she was away, till she had heard from Charlemount's own lips that he loved another; on the other, if by any means she let slip Regina's name, there was trouble in store for *him*.

"Here comes Roberts!" said the Earl, looking towards the house. "And there goes the quarter—no, the half-hour! What *am* I to do?"

"I should see her, my lord."

"I am going to."

"And tell her the truth."

"That would only be to make bad worse!"

"I think it would make bad better."

"Tell her yourself, then."

"She would not believe it."

"Her faith in me must be pretty well shaken by this time. However, if you think it will do any good— Here, Roberts!"

"Yes, my lord!"

"You need not put the horses up! Drive out to Brompton, and say to her ladyship that I may be detained for a few moments, and that, if she is well enough, we shall be obliged to start as soon as I arrive. I will ride out."

Roberts touched his hat, exchanged a look with Howe, behind the Earl's back, and mounted the box. They stood watching him as he drove away.

"A pleasant wedding morning, this is!" groaned Charlemount. "Come, Howe—you shall go with me, and see this she-devil!"

"My lord, may I propose a plan?"

"Yes."

"We shall perhaps have some difficulty in getting her away."

"I believe you!"

"What if we drug her?"

"The best thing we can do! And yet, I don't know—I am afraid she will be too wise for us."

"Not a bit of it! Let me slip into the dining-room, and put a little laudanum into a glass of wine—then you can see her there—get her to drink it the first thing, and she will be sleeping like a baby when you go!"

"Laudanum—no, I don't like that! We might make some blunder, and I don't want to kill the poor wretch, though I felt as if I could do it, when I first saw her to-day! But I have a drug which is perfectly safe, and much speedier. I will put it in the wine myself. Go into the library, and when you hear the bell, bring her into the pink saloon."

Howe waited at the library door till the bell rang. Then he entered. Ruth sprang up from the couch on which she had thrown herself, and ran towards him.

"Oh, have you come from him?—will he see me?"

Howe bowed, and held the door open for her to pass out. Captain Grosvenor had established himself with a cigar and a book at the window, and scarcely looked up as they went away.

"Mind now," said the man, in a low voice, before they reached the saloon, "if you mention Regina's name he will never see you again!"

"Did he say so?" she asked with a bewildered look.

"Yes."

"Then I will not."

The next moment she saw Charlemount standing at the window, with his face averted from her. The sudden shock of Howe's news, and the anguish she had endured during that night, wandering about the streets of London, had gone very far to shake her reason; but she still remembered that she loved him, and that he was angry—that he had deserted her just when she thought herself most secure in his love. She ran forward with a bitter cry, "Oh George—George! how could you be so cruel?" and sank down at his feet, embracing his knees, and looking up with streaming eyes into his stern face.

"Get up, Ruth!" he said coldly.

She obeyed.

"Now, why have you come here?"

"Why? To find you, George," she said, with tears. "They told me that you were going away."

"So I am."

"And that you were going to leave me behind."

"They were quite right."

"Oh, no, you cannot do it! You don't know how I love you, George! You don't know how miserable it makes me to hear them say such things! I will not trouble you if I go. I will not speak to you except when you give me leave. Do take me with you, George!"

He was looking at her very steadily. For the first time the thought crossed his mind that she was mad. If that was the case, all was safe. But some remorse at his own share in the catastrophe made him speak to her in a gentler tone.

"Ruth, what else did they tell you about me?"

"That you were going to be married, George; but that I *cannot* believe," she added with a faint smile. "That would be worse than all the rest."

"What should you do if it was true?"

She looked at him a moment, and then said, as she had done once before in the green lane at Brompton, "Die!"

"Pshaw!"

"Are you angry, George?"

"No."

"Why do you look at me so, then?"

He glanced at his watch, and turned impatiently away.

"Ruth, I must go."

"Take me with you."

"I can't! Don't cling to me like that. Confound it, woman," he cried desperately, "if you will know everything, I will tell you. I am married already.

"Married?"

"Yes—this morning; and I must be off out of this cursed country in an hour's time. Now are you satisfied?—now will you go? Here, Howe! help!"

He caught her in his arms as she was falling, and rang the bell furiously. Howe entered.

"Howe, what ails her?"

"She has fainted, my lord."

"Fainted!" The Countess of Charlemount fainted when I kissed her at the church," he muttered; "and now this fool faints because I don't kiss her! This is the second lady I have had the honor of holding in my arms this morning. Howe, get some water."

"She is coming to, already; would it not be a good time to give her the wine, my lord?"

"That's a capital idea. Where is it?"

Howe took the glass from the mantlepiece and put it in his hand. Ruth opened her eyes.

"Here—drink this."

She pushed the glass away and tried to rise.

"Drink it, I tell you! Drink it, Ruth, for my sake! It will do you good," he added, changing his tone; and she put her lips to the glass and drank the wine at once.

"That is a good girl! Now let me put you on the sofa; you are not fit to sit up yet."

"Married!" she whispered, as he laid her down. "You did not mean it, did you, George?"

"Let me arrange your pillows; you look tired. There!"

The drug was working *fast*; the wide open brown eyes began to close. But she kept her arms around his neck as he knelt beside her.

"I am sleepy. Kiss me good-night, George, as you used to do. I know you did not mean it?"

He obeyed. A happy smile played around the lips he pressed—a rosy flush tinged her cheek—her clasp relaxed; and, as he rose to his feet, she nestled down among the pillows, like a tired child, and slept.

He stood and looked down at her for a moment, and sighed deeply.

"By heaven, I have been the greatest villain that ever drew breath, to you, poor little Ruth! Well, good-bye; this business is the worst of all. Howe, they will be kind to her?"

"Mrs. Maining is all kindness, my lord."

"Is it safe to leave her, then?"

"Quite, my lord."

"And you—will you stay, or go with us?"

"I shall never willingly leave you, my lord."

"Nor would I willingly part with you, my good friend."

The Earl stretched out his hand; Howe bent down and kissed it, but a sinister smile played round his lips as he did so.

"You will take her to Wilverton at once.—Then follow us direct to Paris—we will wait one day for you. See that she is safe—bring me good tidings of her."

"I will, my lord."

"But don't delay too long. Good heavens, what a business this has been!"

"It is all over now, my lord."

"I hope so. Good-bye, Howe!"

"Good-bye, my lord!"

He held the door open for his master, and watched him mount his horse at the door, and dash down the square at such a pace that the groom could hardly keep up with him. Then, coming back, he stood and gazed at the sleeping Ruth.

"Countess of Charlemount!" he said, with a malicious grin. "I shall tell you another tale, one day, my lord. And I have one thing more to set down to the credit side of your account with me. It will be a pleasant reckoning when it comes!"

* * * * *

The Earl looked pale, and worn, and ill when he reached the cottage, and threw his bridle-rein to Roberts, who was waiting at the gate.

"My good fellow," he said, "if you have any adieus to make, be quick about them, for we shall be off in half-an-hour, at the latest!"

Roberts had none, he answered respectfully.

"You are a lucky fellow!" said poor Charlemount, with a sigh, as he strode through the hall and entered the study, where Regina was sitting. She looked up, and colored a little, as he came forward and took her hand.

"Are you better, love?" he asked.

"*I am quite well, now, my lord!*"

"*Do not give me that cold title. Cannot I* teach you to say George?"

"It is an easy name to speak."

"Let me hear it, then, from your lips."

"George."

She said it quietly, and somewhat coldly;—not as Ruth had often spoken it. He sat down beside her.

"Are all your preparations made?"

"Nearly. I think Prudence is packing Prince Charlie into his travelling box; he has a strong objection to occupying it. As for Peter, he is quite outrageous at the indignity they have put upon him by confining him to his cage. Dick is of a milder temper. When I showed him the nice bed of lambs'-wool I had prepared in his hamper, he curled himself up in the middle of it without a word, and is sleeping the sleep of the just, now. Poor things, I hope they will not be sea-sick!"

"And where is Saladin?"

"At the station, by this time, with his groom. He is too gentlemanly to object to any plan I may form for his good. I never have any trouble with him in my forced marches."

"You are used to them, then?"

"Oh, yes—this is by no means the first.—In America, I often used to overturn my household, and be off on a month's trip across the prairies, at two hours' notice."

"You have given us a longer one!"

He took her hand—there was no more resistance now—it lay quietly enough in his clasp.

"By-the-way, Regina, I have a diamond guard for you—the same you had before, but it is smaller now."

"Have you?"

He produced it from his vest pocket, slipped it upon her finger, and looked at it with a smile.

"Diamonds are suited to you, my love; and the Erlinford diamonds are very fine! When you go to Court—"

Regina flushed up a little.

"My lord, you are dreaming! I shall never go to Court!"

"Abroad, love—not here! We shall not be in England this long while, unless you wish it."

"I do not."

"I thought of living in Italy. Would that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Because you know you have only to say the word. I would live on Mount Caucasus, if it was your wish."

She laughed good-naturedly.

"I see you do not believe me."

"I dare say you feel it all just now. But wait a year or two and you will see how differently Mount Caucasus and Lady Charlemount will appear in your eyes!"

"Ah! how little you understand me! How little you know what tortures I suffered before I won you! How little you imagine all I have dared to call you mine! How little you see that all the misery on earth would be met by me gladly, if, at the end, I could come and sit beside you, as I am sitting now—hold your hand in mine—and rest my tired, aching head here?"

It dropped as he spoke, till it rested on her bosom. A crimson flush rose to her forehead, and he felt her heart beat quicker, beneath his cheek.

"If you would only pay me back one tithe of the love and the passion I have for you!" he murmured.

She did not answer.

"Am I never going to be dear to you?"

"You are now!"

"Not in the way I mean."

"Give me time, then," she said in a low voice, bending over him, till her warm breath fanned his cheek. "If I had not felt that I could be a very true and a very faithful friend to you, I would not have gone with you to-day!"

"Well, to have you, even as a friend, is something; and I do not despair of bringing you still nearer, my dear, dear wife?"

"Hark, there is a knock! Sit up, Charlemount."

He obeyed, and Prudence entered, clad in a travelling-dress, and carrying a huge basket.

"Regina—I beg your pardon—my lady!"

"Don't be a goose, Prudence! I am always Regina to you. What do you want to say?"

"Everything is ready."

"Very well. And you?"

"I am ready, too."

"Ah, you have not forgotten your old training! It is my belief you would start to Nova Zembla, with the greatest cheerfulness, if I told you we were going five minutes beforehand. Do you know, Prudence, that I am very hungry? Are not you, my lord?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Allow me to find out for you! Do give me something to eat, Prudence, before we go! What do the servants say at being discharged?"

"Nothing, Regina! How should they, when they are so liberally paid?"

"And Eliza is willing to remain in charge of the premises?"

"Quite."

"Who is Eliza?" asked the Earl.

"A kind of sub-housekeeper. I am going to leave the house in her care."

"Is it yours? Did you buy it?"

"Of course! Did I not tell you so when I spoke of giving it to Ruth?"

"To Ruth?"

"Yes. She may want it one day, if she does not now—especially as your brother is not very rich! It will do for a town house for them, will it not?"

"Eh? Oh, yes! most certainly!" stammered Charlemount.

"If you think it is not good enough, you may give them a better one when we all come back again. Now, Prudence, the luncheon, please!"

It was brought, and Charlemount sat down to his first meal with Regina. He could scarcely believe himself awake. Even she seemed half amused with the oddity of the thing, as she handed him his cup of chocolate.

"For two people who were utter strangers three months ago, I think we have gone on *remarkably well*," she said, with an arch smile. "I little thought, when I took my breakfast this morning, that I should make my next meal with a wedding-ring on my hand, and a coronet on my head. I fancy, not another woman in the world would have married you in such an odd fashion, George!"

"Regina, you are an angel!" he cried, enthusiastically.

"Do angels eat cold tongue? Because there is some at your elbow, that looks particularly inviting."

"If you only know how happy I feel!" he said, as he helped her.

"I am not very miserable, myself, just at present!"

"Are you not? Do you really think you can get on with me, Regina? I would die to make you happy!"

"It is not necessary," said Regina, whose old gaiety seemed coming back, now that her destiny was actually decided. "Don't squeeze my hand; and how am I to eat as much as I like, if you sit looking at me? Lord Byron never liked to see a lady eat. I daresay you are just like him in that respect."

"Lord Byron was an idiot!"

"Take care! In the days when I used to study Latin, I remember a pithy sentence, 'That nothing but good was to be spoken of the dead!'"

"Do you know Latin? How clever you are!"

He said it so sincerely, that she burst out laughing.

"And what a sweet laugh you have! When I was in America, I used to drive a sleigh, through the winter months, and those bells that my horses wore rang out just as your laugh does."

"I hope the bells were not cracked!"

"How can you say such a thing?"

"I wish I had a glass of wine."

"I will go and get you one!' And he sprang up from his chair. "Where shall I look for it?"

"I thought you would have to come to me for information. Touch the bell, and ask Prudence to bring a bottle of golden sherry, while I run and put on my hat. I may travel in a hat, may I not? Because I will not wear a bonnet, except when I am obliged; and if you condemn me to one now, I will stay at home."

"My love, if you wish to wear my beaver, I shall make no objection. Wear what you like, and do what you like, and I shall always be pleased."

"You are a charming man!" she said, laughing, as she ran up stairs.

Prudence, coming with the wine, and finding him alone, took the opportunity of disburdening her mind a little.

"My lord, you must let me wish you joy!"

"With all my heart, my good friend! And drink my health and hers!"

He poured out a glass of sherry. It was a wine on which Regina particularly prided herself, and a delicious nutty odor filled the whole apartment as soon as the bottle was uncorked.

"It is a happy day for me!" said Prudence, making a profound reverence to him, as she lifted the glass to her lips, which he returned by a gallant bow. "I never liked Mr. Clifford's ways with her, my lord!"

"Why not?"

"He was too haughty—too overbearing! They would have quarrelled in a week, if she had married him!"

"I do not doubt it!"

"And then she cared too much for him."

"Ah!"

The Earl winced. Prudence saw she had made an unlucky blunder, and quietly changed the subject.

"I think you will be kind to her, my lord."

"It will be the study of life to make her happy. I only wish she may learn to care for me."

"She cares for you now," said Prudence. He looked at her with delighted eyes.

"Do you really think so?"

"I know it, my lord. You have one advantage over any other person."

"What is that?"

"You are my master's brother."

"Do you think it makes a difference?"

"I am sure of it. And you must not mind her being a little cold and quiet at times. It is her way. She was always so from a child. She has got back her old bright smiles again, and—I will attend to it directly, my lord!"

Charlemount, who had been gazing meditatively on the floor, looked up in utter surprise at this strange ending of the good old woman's speech. The mystery was explained by the entrance of Regina, whom Prudence had already seen upon the stairs. She wore a black mantle and a Spanish hat, whose dusky plumes touched her shoulder.

"Where is my wine?" she asked. "Prudence, will you give Prince Charlie a saucer of milk before we go? I am sure the poor little fellow is thirsty; he is yelping in his hamper as if his heart was broken!"

"It is nothing but his temper!" said Prudence, as she bustled off to execute the commission, and to stow the rebellious traveller snugly away in his own carriage, before he got sight of his mistress entering hers.

"Only temper! I dare say that is all that ails most of us, half the time!" said Regina, taking the glass of sherry her husband gave her. "To your health, my lord—that is, George!"

He pledged her in another glass.

"Now we are ready; I have said good-bye to the servants. They are in such a state of awe and admiration at seeing a live countess! Do I look like a countess, I wonder?" and she glanced at herself in the glass.

"You look like a queen, my beautiful!—and for your sake, I wish I could have made you one."

"Thank you—I infinitely prefer being what I am. There is no one I pity more than kings and queens. Poor things! I would not live their lives, for the world! What a bore everything must be to them! Come—one look at the room—dear little room! By the way, where is Howe?"

"What in the world do you want of him?" asked the Earl, coloring violently.

"Why, how you blush! What mischief have you sent him about?"

"None, on my honor! But why do you wish to see him?"

"I don't like trusting my pets to any one else. You said he was so careful."

"So he is. But Roberts is very careful, too; and Howe will join us in Paris the day after we get there. He has stopped to attend to—to a little business for me."

At this somewhat embarrassing juncture, Prudence put her head in at the door.

"My dear, I am afraid we ought not to wait any longer. We have only time to catch the train, the servants say."

"Well, I am ready," said Regina. She gave one wistful look around the familiar room, and went out leaning on Charlemount's arm. The servants gathered around the gate, and uttered their simple good wishes as she entered the carriage. She leaned forward and smiled her adieu; then the brougham, holding Prudence and her charges, dashed off—their own followed more slowly; and Charlemount's arms drew her fondly to his side.

"My own dear wife!" he said! and something in his tone and look took away much of the bitterness of her last farewell to the home which had been so happy, and the hopes and dreams she had cherished there!

* * * * *

Five years passed away. In that time many changes had taken place among those of whom I have written. Hearts that bled had staunched their wounds—hearts that loved would love no longer—hearts that suffered were at rest. In the garden of the Wilverton cottage was a lonely grave. Regina knew who was lying there; but not how or why she died. And while she mourned with a faithful sadness for the dear friend of the old, happy time, and shed some silent tears upon her pillow when the thought of Ruth came suddenly before her, she little dreamed from what hand the blow had fallen, or that he who slumbered so tranquilly beside her had hunted the poor child down to that last kind refuge for earth's weariest souls!

The Earl and Countess of Charlemount were at last in London, and it was the height of the season. The countess was not "presented," it is true; but that did not keep people from receiving her very gladly at their own houses. If she had been a poor man's wife, "society" would have shrugged its shoulders and passed by on the other side; but the coronet on her stately head dazzled society's eyes to such an extent that they quite overlooked her early error.

There were many different opinions expressed about Regina. The young men raved about her beauty; but the coldness of her manner, and the scornful glances of her dark gray eyes, deterred them from approaching too closely to their divinity. They had a dim consciousness, in spite of their thick armor of self-conceit, that she secretly despised them—that their vapid commonplaces wearied her—while their compliments made her long to laugh in their faces, only that courtesy forbade. The women tore her character to tatters when she first appeared among them, because they were afraid their own fascinations might be less than hers; but when it was observed that she tried to make no conquests, and that it was

evidently the same to her, whether old Colonel Hunter of the 97th, or young Lieutenant Howard of the Guards, leaned over her chair, or led her to the supper rooms, they picked up their work with marvellous dexterity, and spoke of her only in the highest terms. She was a devoted wife, they averred—any one could see that by watching her when Lord Charlemount was in the room; she was the best of mothers—indeed, her love for the little Lord Erlinford, was something wonderful—these kind young ladies said. As if every woman did not love her child, from the poor Irish washerwoman in a damp cellar, to the queen upon her glittering throne!

One young lady, indeed, took no share either in the scandal or the chorus of praise, but, for certain reasons of her own, she watched Regina pretty closely. To her, possibly, was known the secret of a somewhat melancholy expression in the beautiful eyes of the Countess. At least, she fancied so: and a little sad look always came over her own fair face when those eyes chanced to turn her way. She had spoken often with the woman Clifford had loved—she had held the white hand in hers—that hand which he had held, and to which his lips no doubt had been often pressed. There was a free masonry between the two. There always is between two women who love, or have loved, the same man; and if one has nothing better to do, it is a curious and amusing thing to watch the workings of this unacknowledged feeling, when we stumble upon it here and there. Helen and Regina talked sometimes of foreign cities—of things they had seen abroad—of the people they met day after day, and night after night, in the gay world: nay, they had even spoken of the stage—of Regina's triumphs there, and of the sad fate of poor Ruth. Only one name was unmentioned. But when these little talks were over, Regina's eyes would linger one moment, ere she went away, on Helen's face, and Helen's eyes would droop while a blush rose to her cheek; and they understood each other without a word.

"I have lost him, and I would not win him again if I could; but he will come back to you!" said the dark gray eyes.

"Alas, you mistake him; he never loved any one but you!" replied the blue ones.

Once they had spoken of Regina's *debut*, and of the white roses Helen flung; but both dropped the subject hastily. They felt it was a dangerous one, and began to talk of the little Lord Erlinford. The mother's heart took refuge from the bitter and humiliating past in tender thoughts of her boy!

On a pleasant evening in May, the Dowager Countess of H——— received her guests. Every one liked to come to her dinners or her parties. She was the keenest and wittiest (and some people added, wickedest) old lady in Europe, and assembled all the most agreeable people in her rooms, without distinction of rank. She was given to "lions," too, and celebrities of every kind were to be met with in her saloons. Captain Grosvenor and some of his brother wags christened H——— House "the Exhibition," and nicknamed her ladyship "Madame Tussaud," yet they were very glad to receive a card from her, and to inspect the "wax work" as often as she allowed them so to do. Regina never missed one of her nights—neither did Mrs. Erlinford; but she went simply because other people did; and took her daughter with her, because the young Earl was a widower, and admired fair beauties above all others. So it happened that on this evening these three ladies were present, and Lord Charlemount had promised to look in at a later hour, and escort Regina to another party.

Helen Erlinford sat near her hostess, listening to the arrivals, and looking quietly around the crowded room. At last two names were announced, and one of them made her heart stand still.

"Mr. Halkyn and Mr. Clifford!"

A buzz and rumor ran round the room. The Dowager stepped a pace forward to meet her guests; and, as every head was turned that way, Helen had time to recover her composure, and to try and summon the truant color back into her cheeks. Ten minutes passed in introductions and eager conversation; then the Countess tripped back to her side, followed by a tall, handsome man, somewhat grave-looking, and very quiet in his manners.

"My dear Miss Erlinford, where are you?"

Clifford started as he heard that name.

"Oh, I see you! My dear, clever people always ought to know each other, and so I have brought Mr. Clifford, the great traveller to see you. You must ask him about the Nile; he will tell you, though I could not the other day, when you bored me so about it!"

"I am not clever," said Helen, with a little smile, as she held out her hand; "and Mr. Clifford is an old friend of mine. How do you do, Mr. Clifford? I am very glad to see you home again!"

Well may some modern writer exclaim,—"We are fearfully and wonderfully made—*especially women!*" Here was this girl, whose dreams and thoughts had been of the wanderer for five weary years, welcoming him as quietly as if he had only left her the day before! She had refused three offers for his sake, and now met him with a simple "How d'ye do!" She had cried herself to sleep over him a thousand times—she had suffered for him what all women must suffer one day or another, if they are foolish enough to love. She had prayed for him—longed for him, waited for him; and look at her, smiling artlessly in his face, and chatting away as gaily and unconcernedly as if he had been her own brother! Sometimes, as he roamed about the world, his thoughts had gone back to her, and decked out her image with new grace and beauty. She was fair, she was pure, she was true; and was it not just possible that she was learning to love him, after all, instead of Charlemount, when he left her? If he came back, and found her free, would it not be a sign in his favor? and should he not accept it, and try his fate in that direction? The little dream faded as he watched her sparkling face, and he never knew, till that moment, how vivid it had been. He sat beside her sadly, and answered her questions with a heavy heart. How was he to know that her own was overflowing with love and tenderness and trembling joy? How was he to guess that, if he could have seized upon that little gloved hand that fluttered like a bird about the brilliant-hued bouquet in her lap—seized upon it and asked for (after he had secured) the prize, it would have been his?

"And so you went up the Nile, and saw the Pyramids!" cried Helen. "I read all about it in your first book. I like that better than the second."

"May I ask why?"

"It was fresher, it seemed to me that you got tired even of travelling at last, and came to look rather scornfully on things you would have admired and loved at first."

"Very likely," said Clifford, with a sigh.—"I have tired of many things in my time, and travelling is one of them."

"Yet you are not such a *very* old man," was the arch reply. She had a reason for wishing to get at the bottom of Clifford's *ennui*.

"Not if you count my years, Miss Erlinford. But hearts get gray long before heads, you know."

"How exceedingly Byronic!"

"Miss Erlinford is pleased to be sarcastic."

"Well, I confess, Mr. Clifford, that such speeches always vex me. It seems such a shame to abuse this poor old world of ours. If we only took the good it is ready to give us, our hearts would not be gray, I think; if—if—"

"You speak like a young lady," said Clifford, smiling, when he saw she would not go on; "and like a young lady who has never known what suffering means, except from her dictionary. No doubt you find this world a very pleasant place;—no doubt you receive much pleasure from it. I do not. And we are both very frank in speaking our minds—I in my book, you here."

"There is nothing like frankness," observed Helen, and she gave him a glance that was puzzling in the extreme. A dim consciousness of some blunder or mistake stole over him.—What had it been?

"These people evidently do not hold with you," she said, glancing round the room.—"How happy they all look!"

"Yes, poor things, they are trying very hard to be amused!"

"Why did you come back, Mr. Clifford, if we all bore you so?"

"Did I say *all*? I know one who will never bore me."

Helen laughed.

"I was not asking for a compliment," Mr. Clifford. But since it suits you to be 'a-weary of the world,' I suppose I must leave you in peace, and talk of something else. Do you remember a foolish little song of mine? You admired the words very much five years ago—it was called 'Leoline.'"

"I remember it perfectly, Miss Erlinford.—The words were not all that I admired."

"Since you have been so short a time in London, perhaps you have not heard that C——— has painted a picture from the poem?"

"Has he, indeed?"

"It is in the Exhibition. You must go and see it. The face of Leoline, as she bends over that 'blue flower in the garden,' is one of the loveliest things I have ever seen!"

"I will go and look at it to-morrow. What are all those people *crowding down* near the saloon for, Miss Erlinford?"

Helen hesitated a moment, and then said, in a very low voice,

"I believe they have just become aware of the presence of some one—a lady. I could have told them she was here half an hour ago, for she came up the stairs before us."

"And who may this wonderful lady be?"

"You used to know her."

"I?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Who is it?"

"Don't ask me," said Helen, rather nervously; "but follow them and see. You will wish to pay your respects to her."

Clifford turned a little pale.

"I think it is some one I do not wish to meet."

"Perhaps so. I should not have told you that she was here, only—"

"Pray, make no apology, Miss Erlinford," he said, kindly. "I must have learned, sooner or later, that—that the Countess of Charlemount was in the rooms. I prefer hearing it from you. Has she been here long?"

"About half an hour, I think."

"Is—is Lord Charlemount here, too?"

"Not yet. But he is coming."

"Ah!"

Clifford sat for some minutes in silence, with his eyes bent upon the floor. Did he love Regina still?—and how should he meet her?—and, above all, how much did Helen Erlinford know of the story, and of the cowardly manner in which he had behaved? He sighed; and then, hearing her speak his name in a low voice, looked up.

"Lady Charlemount is coming this way," she said. "Would you like to take me to mamma?"

"Yes. Thank you a thousand times, Miss Erlinford! I cannot meet her before all these people."

They crossed the room, and took up their station by Mrs. Erlinford, who was rejoiced to welcome Clifford, but who hoped (inwardly) that he would not stay near Helen long, since the widowed Earl was passing through the rooms, and making himself very agreeable to the fairer portion of his mother's guests. In this hope she was doomed to be disappointed. Clifford lingered, and talked to Helen in a low voice, while they both looked through the open door, at a tall and stately figure, surrounded, in the next apartment, by a little knot of courtiers.

"I find her altered," he said to Helen. "May I talk to you about her?"

"Most certainly."

"I have not mentioned her name for all these years. I hardly know why I speak it to you now. But you are so kind that you will forgive it. We are old friends, you know."

"Yes. How has she changed?"

"She looks colder—prouder. Why is she in black?"

"I do not know."

"She always wore it, I remember—but with crimson. Now no color relieves it. I wonder if she has lost a friend?"

"Of course!" cried Helen, suddenly. "How stupid of me not to remember it!"

"Saladin, I suppose?"

"How unkind of you, Mr. Clifford! Saladin *is* dead, poor fellow! He died in Rome; and they say she was quite heartbroken about him. She has lost all her pets, indeed, but one—the little white dog."

"And so she wears mourning?"

"I did not say that."

"She is quite capable of it, I assure you."

"You should not say those unkind things. Regina—"

Clifford started violently.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I have not heard that name for so long, that is all!" he said, rather incoherently. "I beg your pardon, Miss Erlinford. What were you about to say?"

"She has lost, besides these pets, a very dear friend."

"Who was it?"

"Her name was Ruth."

"Ruth dead! When did she die?"

"Two years ago, I believe. It was while they were on the Continent."

"Poor little Ruth."

"Did you know her, Mr. Clifford?"

"A little."

"And was Lady Charlemount really so very fond of her?"

"She really was."

"The story of their friendship always seemed to me so touching a thing, that I hardly know whether to believe it or not. Do you see that diamond star upon her breast?"

"Distinctly."

"It is wreathed with crape. Ruth wore it once, and she wears it now for her sake always."

"Who told you."

"Charlemount."

"Ah! he is a great friend of yours?"

"He is like a brother to me, and has always been."

"You meet her, then?"

"Often."

"Do you visit her?"

"Sometimes."

"Charlemount House is thrown open, I suppose, to all who choose to enter its doors?"

"On the contrary, the society there is very select."

He laughed bitterly. He was thinking of the time when Regina had talked about their marriage, and pointed out the impossibility of their residing in London. Apparently her opinions were changed.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Helen.

"I was only wondering at—or perhaps I should rather say, admiring—English society. I see that Regina is following us again. Do you think she knows I am here?"

"For shame, sir! When you were announced she was in the long saloon. She has no more idea of your presence, than—than—"

"Than you had, Miss Erlinford."

"I knew perfectly well that you were coming. The Countess told me. She always tells me if any one is to be here that I would like to meet, and I said I should certainly come if you did. There is no great mystery about it, you see. I only wished to shake hands with my old acquaintance the artist, who painted 'John Humphreys' so well for me."

As she said the words, laughing, the little *boudoir* and that pleasant spring morning, so long ago, rose up vividly before him. He clenched his teeth and breathed hard, as he watched the graceful woman coming towards them—the woman who had first said she loved him upon that very day.

"Is it a happy marriage?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Very; at least people say so. Charlemount himself is devoted to her and their little child."

"Has she any children?"

"One—Stuart Erlinford. Is it not a pretty name? He is four years old—the dearest little fellow you ever saw, and not a bit spoiled. Much as they love him, they do not indulge him too greatly. I think Charlemount would, only Regina is very firm with them both. She told him one day that she had two children to manage instead of one. Stuart was crying, you see, to go into the Park, and poor George nearly cried with him, when he was sent away in disgrace, with his nurse. You will see a portrait of the little Lord Erlinford in the Exhibition. He is said to be very like the Erlinfords; but, I confess, I see more of the mother in his face." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.—Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let any thing prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they "are nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Susy or Harry, years afterwards, when, away from the hearthstone, they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in the old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns of their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

☞ A little boy three years old was blessed with a new little sister. The day following, he was required to be very still, and the reason given therefor, that his mother was very weak, and his sister too. He obeyed the injunction carefully. In the course of the day, some playmates came to the house; he rushed to the door, and putting his little finger up to check their noise, said, "Be very quiet—I have got a little baby sister, and she is very weak and tired—for she has walked all the way from Heaven to-day, and you must not disturb her."

HUMORS OF THE CENSUS.

Although the marshals engaged in taking the census sometimes experience annoyances, yet they occasionally meet with persons who afford them no little amusement. Their task is often a hard one, and exposes them to charges of impertinence from those who do not really understand the importance of "numbering the people." One of the marshals of New Jersey, whose field of operations is in the interior, at a place somewhat remote from railroad depots, found considerable difficulty in getting information from an "ancient maiden lady" whom he had addressed on the subject.

"Taking the senses, sir you! Well, I reckon you can't take none here." She was indignant at his first remark. "Taint none of your business who lives here, nor who owns this place. It's paid for, and every cent of tax on it tew. 'Taint best for ye tew come snooping around to find out matters that don't concarn you."

Her body interposed at the doorway, although thin and wiry, prevented his passage into the house. The marshal would gladly have taken a seat, but she offered no such luxury to her inquisitor. "Hev I ever been marrit? Well, what next, I wonder. Perhaps you'd like to have our pedigree right down from Adam. But you can't! I 'spect you're some fellow from York, come out to seek whom you may devour. You'd better go back again! Take our senses indeed!"

The Marshal tried to explain matters, to give her to understand the necessity and requirements of the law and particularly to convince her that he was not a resident of Gotham. He utterly failed, however, for his next question only increased her anger. "Hev I got any children! Why, you impertinent puppy, how dare you asperse my character. Here hev I lived for forty-eight years, and haint been ten miles from home. If you doubt my respectability you'd better go to our minister, he knows all about me; he lived here when I was born; he knows that all I possess in the world is in this farm, and the two houses down to the village, worth altogether about fifteen thousand dollars. He can tell you that I lived with my father till he died, having no brother and sisters, and that I never was married, and haint no children; he is well acquainted with the folks living with me, which is a little girl, a farm man and a big stout Irish girl. But you can't get any information out of me. I'm a woman of few words, and I don't allow meddlers."

The good woman had now worked herself into a passion, and turning away slammed the door in his face. From her remarks, however, he gained the following facts: "Miss Abigail ——; aged forty-eight; never married; has no children; property worth $15,000; has no brothers or sisters; carries on farming;" which after all, was about all the information he cared to possess.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ The evening clouds we see were made to-day—made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers; the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver nightdress of the rivers and the voice of prayer. It is the heaped-up utterance of *yesterday*. Dim, blue and beautiful, *it is an enchanted mountain*, though men have named it a cloud.

☞ An old lady, who recently went to engage the minister for her *fourth* marriage, complained to him that "there never was ony poor woman plagu't wi' such deeing bodies o' men."

☞ People who are always talking sentiment, have, usually, no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

☞ "What kind of soup do they furnish at the 'Great Republic?' Is it good?" asked a would be diner, the other day, when putting on his hat to look up a miscellaneous dinner. "Good? Yes, *soup-herb!*" was the satisfactory reply.

☞ A man has no right to make love to a young lady until he be in a position to take unto himself a wife, as ladies are generally in a hurry. He who can scarcely maintain himself, should think of something else than love and marriage. In some positions in life marriage enables a man to succeed in business; and when this is the case, marriage is prudent. But it is not always so; and, in these adventurous times less commonly so than ever. It humbles a man sadly to play the gallant with an empty pocket.

☞ SAYING GRACE.—A blunt spoken, off handed old gentleman, the other day, previous to dinner, arose and delivered himself as follows:—

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful—what, wife! a plain hash again to-day?"

It was all in the same breath, and the effect was inexpressibly ludicrous.

☞ HYDROPHOBIA AND SMOTHERING.—In the Dublin Chronicle, 28th of October, 1788, the following circumstance is recorded:—"Thursday morning, an accident happened at the Blackrock (near Dublin,) which has been attended with most melancholy consequences. A fine boy, about fourteen years old, passing by a gentleman's house, the lady's lapdog ran out and bit him; in about two hours the youth was seized with convulsive fits, and shortly after with the hydrophobia; and notwithstanding every assistance that night, his friends were, on Friday, *obliged to smother him between two beds.*"

☞ It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor General, began to weep.—"Just look at Mitford," said a bystander, to Horne Tooke. "What on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

☞ JUDAS TREE.—This tree is said to have flourished near the Holy City. Tradition points to it as the fatal tree from which the traitor "by transgression *fell*," after committing the last desperate act of suicide.—*Notes and Queries.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI'S DESCENT ON THE MAIN LAND—AUSTRIA BRISTLING UP—DECLINE IN THE FUNDS, &c.

The Vanderbilt brings foreign advices to the 15th.

Eighteen hundred men of Garibaldi's force have landed in Calabria.

It is reported that Garibaldi has been to Naples to confer with the Revolutionary leaders at that point.

Naples has been reported in a state of siege.

It is reported that Austria will renounce the treaty of Villa France, and actively oppose the operations of Garibaldi in Naples, as threatening her interests in Venetia.

There is no new movement reported in Syria. The English Commissioners took out authority for 1 500 men and mariners to be landed.

Garibaldi had been at Naples to confer with the revolutionary party.

The Neapolitans claim to have repulsed an attempted landing of Garibaldians near Reggio and at Candritelli.

The Court party at Naples were demanding the proclamation of a state of siege, but the Government resisted it.

It was reported that, if Garibaldi lands in Naples, Gen. Lamoriciere will cross the Roman frontier to confront him, under a promise of support from Austria—and that Austria will renounce the obligations of the Villa Franca Treaty, and attack Garibaldi.

Austria was assuming a threatening attitude, and there were rumors of an approaching manifesto on the Emperor's birthday, declaring a release from the Villa Franca Treaty, and uttering threats against Piedmont.

Austria had already demanded explanations from Piedmont, concerning Garibaldi's letter to Victor Emmanuel, announcing a projected attack on Venice.

There was great activity manifested in the Austrian Marine Department.

The complete establishment of understanding between Austria and Russia is officially announced.

The Emperor of Austria and King of Bavaria attended a railroad celebration at Salzsburg, and both monarchs made speeches favorable to German unity.

Rumors of an approaching interview between Napoleon and the Queen of Spain were again current.

The Paris Bourse was very dull. Rentes, 68 francs.

The Sardinian loan closed with subscriptions to the amount of three times the sum needed.

There was a rumor that Sardinia proposed to send a *corps d' armee* to Naples, to prevent complications arising from Garibaldi's landing there.

The Empress of Russia is *enciente*.

The Princes Damelio, of Montenegro, had been shot by a Montenegro refugee, and died shortly afterwards.

The details of Calcutta news to July 5th, and Hong Kong to June 23rd, are unimportant.

The sloop of war John Adams was at Foo Chou, and the steamers Hartford and Saginaw at Shanghai.

Freights were advancing at Shanghai and drooping at Hong Kong.

Additional failures have occurred in the English leather trade. The announcements include Messrs. Peotepie, boot makers of Northampton, for £200,000, and Edmund Baivelot, leather factor of London, for £40,000.

John Dales, woollen manufacturer, had also failed for a large amount. There were other failures for smaller sums.

LONDON, August 16.—Naples has been proclaimed in a state of seige.

The weather in England has been unsettled.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton.—The market closed buoyant, and prices were ⅛d higher than previous to the Arabia's departure. *Middling Orleans 6⅞d.*

Breadstuffs quiet, but steady. The weather continues unsettled. Corn 6d higher. Provisions dull. Beef was heavy. Pork heavy and less saleable. Lard steady with a fair demand. Tallow quiet but steady.

Rosin dull at 4s 2d for common. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 30s 6d@30s 9d. Sugar quiet; Rice steady; Coffee steady. Ashes—Pots steady; Pearls dull.

LONDON MARKETS.—Breadstuffs steady. Sugar firm. Coffee firm. Tea dull and unchanged. Rice firm. Tallow unchanged; sales at 52s. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 31s. Linseed Oil 30s.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Consols have declined to 97¼, owing to warlike rumors. The money market is slightly more stringent.

THE LATEST

The Neapolitan Parliamentary elections commenced on the 19th inst. Refugees are preferred by the electors, who openly declare in favor of the annexation of Naples to Piedmont.

Austria is said to have abandoned the idea of possessing Venetia as guaranteed by Germany. Garibaldi is expected to attack Venice, and Austria will maintain the conflict alone against all Italy. Prussia will remain neutral while the other Powers do not interfere.

The war material at the Austrian Arsenal at Venice is being transferred to Pola.

GENOA, Aug. 15.—The papers publish a despatch announcing the unopposed disembarkation of Garibaldi with 8,000 men, near Reggio, on the night of the 10th inst. The same despatches report the evacuation of the fortress of Scylla by the Neapolitans. Both these reports are considered doubtful.

TRIESTE, Aug. 15.—It is believed that Garibaldi intends to attack Austria, not on the Venitian, but on the Croatian coast, by attempting a disembarkation at Fiume. The Austrian authorities believe that he will first endeavor to provoke a revolution in Croatia and Hungary, before proceeding to Venetia. All the coasts are vigorously watched by the Imperial emissaries.

The rebels are making great progress in China.

Soochow, a town of the greatest importance, containing nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by a wall nearly ten miles in circumference, has been sacked and burnt. It is said that the Imperial troops had joined the rebels. Trade in the North is consequently paralyzed. Tea, if it reach Shanghai at all this season, will be very late.

THERE is a rumor that Hicks, the hanged pirate, has been resuscitated, and is now alive at Albany. Very doubtful.

SHE never in her whole life wrote one stanza,
She knew no Greek, no Latin, scarcely French,
She played not, danced not, sang not, yet when Death
His arms about her threw, to tear her from me,
I would have ransomed her, not Orpheus-like,
With mine own song alone, but with all song,
Music and dance, philosophy and learning,
Here ever, or to be here, in the world.
—*Dr. James Henry.*

☞ TAKING THE CENSUS BY RAIL.—A gentleman on his way to Springfield, the other day, noticed, when the train stopped at Hartford, a long, slab sided sort of a fellow, passing through the cars and counting the passengers. He supposed him to be a sort of "detective" set to watch the conductors. When he returned in the evening train, the same man came through at the Hartford depot, and made another count. The gentleman inquired of the conductor who that inquisitive chap was. "Oh," replied the conductor, "he is taking the census of Hartford." Probably the idea was taken from New York city—where they are also engaged in "doctoring" up the census.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Bell Executive State Committee met recently at Harrisburg. A strong disposition was manifested to unite men of all political parties in opposition to Lincoln; and a Committee of five appointed to report an Electoral Ticket at a meeting to be held at Harrisburg on September 27th.

NEW YORK.—The Republican State Convention renominated Governor Morgan and Lieutenant Governor Campbell by acclamation.

N. H. Barnes of Chenango county, was nominated for Canal Commissioner; and James K. Bates was nominated for State Inspector.

Wm. Cullen Bryant and James O. Putnam were chosen electors at large with thirty three District Electors. Among the resolutions was one declaring the attempt to fasten on the Republican party the responsibility of profligate legislation to be calumnious and wicked.

TEXAS.—The returns indicate the election of George M. Flournoy, Breckinridge Democrat, for Attorney General, by a large majority.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. Banks declines a renomination for Governor. He has taken the Presidency of an Illinois railroad. Politics are too unprofitable.

CALIFORNIA.—The various Democratic County Committees throughout the State, have divided into Douglas and Breckinridge wings, each division calling separate County Conventions to elect delegates to one or the other of the Democratic State Electoral Conventions.

ARKANSAS.—The contest for Governor is now said to be very close. It is also said that Hindman Democrat, is defeated for Congress in the Fifth District, by Cypert, Union.

MADAME PATTERSON BONAPARTE.—A Baltimore correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"A matter rather singular, forcible impressed itself upon me some weeks ago, but I neglected noticing it up to the present time. Passing along our streets the next day after the announcement o the death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, I saw his wife—Miss Patterson—now near her 80th year, walking out, in her usual costume, unconcerned as if nothing had happened. She certainly knew the fact; but knowing her eccentricities, I was not surprised. It is no uncommon thing to see this venerable lady in the public marts attending personally to business. She often collects her own rents, and takes a flirt at stock speculations when the fever is up. At all times an elegant crown jewel, glittering with diamonds of the purest water, is displayed upon her forehead, whilst her arms are white, skin smooth and tender as a maiden of sixteen. She is really a remarkable woman. There is a deep stoicism and unbending philosophy, coupled with independence, in her composition, which one out of a thousand, male or female, does not possess. Her every thought is replete with favoritism for royalty. Republics she esteems common, ungrateful; and now, though a citizen of our domain, and without any thing special to plume herself upon touching imperial favors, she lives in the ideal of *la belle France*. Her great ambition is to hear of her grandson—young Jerome—now in the French army, rising to honor and imperial distinction. A large portion of her annual income, which is very large, is appropriated to his service. At her demise, it is presumed, he will inherit her entire fortune, as she is not on terms of intimacy with her son here."

AN AMUSING STORY SPOILED.—The New York Times thus dismisses a story which has been circulating through the mails:

"Mr Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, in a recent speech, told his audience that when he visited Mr. Lincoln, shortly after the latter's nomination, he heard a voice from an upper room crying out, 'Abraham! Abraham! come and put this child to bed.'"

We beg the Boston Courier, from which we clip the above, to take note that Mr. Raymond never told any audience any such thing.—*New York Times.*

HOW A GERMAN WOMAN GOT ALONG.

I asked a pleasant looking German woman in market, one cold morning, if it was not hard work to come every morning and mind her stall?

"Oh, yes," was her reply, "tish pretty cold, but I must do something. I did not me to tend market."

I inquired how it happened that her circumstances had so changed. In her broken English she told me the following story:

"Me and my husband come from Germany, and on the sea he die, and when me got to St. Louis, me have no monish, and four, five children, so I wash, I iron. I do everything I can do, and I only get bread; den I gets sick—washin' and ironin' too hard for me. So I said, I will go in the country and work garden, and I sells my ironings and everything, and works some more and gets twenty dollars, and then I rents of German man one acre of ground, and I spade him and dig him and work him all myself—my boy only seven year old then—and I raise lettuce, and beets, and onions, and corn, and everything, and I make monish. Then in two year I rent two acres, and then my boys and girls help some, and I make lots of monish. Then in four years I buy the land, and then I builds me a koot house, and two year ago I gets me a husband."

"How do you get on now?" I asked.

"Oh, very well," she answered; and with a merry twinkle in her eye, she added: "He is de most convenient thing about de house but my new cooking stove. He spade my ground and help me to get ready for market, and nurse my baby while I comes, for I know better as he how to sell. I been knoin' so long."

☞ "Mr. Smith, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him. Why did you suspect him?" "Becos 'e 'ired my rooms without beatin' down the price." "Is this a rule without many exceptions?" "Hit's a rule without no hexceptions, yer worship; 'onest men are halways stingy, and never satisfied hunless they get a shilling's worth of anything for tenpence."

☞ We notice in a Western paper the marriage of Mr. James Motley to Miss Bessie Crew. Their offspring will probably be a motley crew.

☞ An old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them. A good hint and a sensible doctor.

☞ Leslie, the artist, states that Haydon, the painter, had an inordinate craving for supremacy, and confessed that he was uneasy even at a funeral unless he was first in the procession.

☞ A Hindoo female recently said to a Christian lady: "Really, your Bible must have been written by a woman, it contains so many kind things about us. Our Shasters say nothing but what is hard and cruel of us."

☞ Feminine headache—a fictitious disease by which women seek to conceal their heartache.

NEWS ITEMS.

No Small Change.—In the official report of the California Mint the following passage occurs, which illustrates one of the singular phases of social life on the Pacific:

"Half dimes, three cent pieces, coppers and nickels are unknown to our commerce, and are almost unknown in our Mint, although a few half dimes were once issued, *to the great indignation* of some people, who consider them a *dangerous innovation* as having a tendency to reduce the price of labor and the profits of trade."

There Are a Good Many Kinds of Good.—To the trading community any man who can pay his debts is good. A moral person is undoubtedly good; but then a very immoral one is often esteemed a good fellow. With commercial people goodness consists in money; with the fancy, in muscle. In short, everywhere and with all sorts of folks, good expresses simply what is much liked or desired. A traveller on the coast of Africa writes that a native said to him, eyeing his abundant apparel (of which the negro had next to none), "You very good man—you not *plenty shirt!*"

Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World," has recently purchased Warner's Island, located on the Hudson, between West Point and Cold Spring, where her family now reside. She paid eleven thousand dollars for it.

The Cattle Disease East.—The Nashua Telegraph says the excitement growing out of the cattle disease has subsided. Nobody thinks of mentioning it now-a-days.

The oats crop in Massachusetts this year is said to be unusually heavy. It is thought they will average 45 bushels to the acre.

Machine for Skinning Eels.—The latest novelty in the way of invention, says an exchange, is a machine for skinning eels. Such a machine has actually been invented and patented by Adam Keogh, of Jerusalem Rhode Island. The Scientific American says it "has been practically tested, and has been found to perform the work in a manner much more expeditious and preferable than when done in the ordinary way, the flesh not being bruised and discolored as is usually the case."

Old Families Dying Out.—It is stated in an English paper, in speaking of the failure in descent in many of the families of the nobility, that of the twenty-five Barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of the Magna Charta, there is not now in the House of Peers a single male descendant.

A Heart-Broken Elephant.—A correspondent of the New York Capper, writing from California, gives an account of an elephant who died of a broken heart. In crossing a stream, in consequence of high water, she was separated from her male companion, who was carried down a ream. She seemed to lay the matter to heart very much at the time, manifesting her grief in the wildest manner. Soon after she began to fail, and died. On opening her, she was found perfectly sound except her heart. This was broken, caused, doubtless, by grief in losing her mate.

A Peer's Prodigality.—Lord Overstone gave a dinner to a regiment of volunteers, at Windsor, England, and furnished each measure fare that many of his guests sent him twelve penny postage stamps, each by way of remuneration.

M. Dornet, a member of the Lyons Academy, published in 1858, a book on the fatal influences of idleness among the children of the upper classes and the rich, which is now creating quite a sensation in Germany, where a translation of it has just appeared.

Col. Forbes, of Kansas and Harper's Ferry notoriety, has turned up in Sicily, where he enjoys the entire confidence of Garibaldi, and occupies a brilliant military position.

Thos. O. Quilla, alias Foster, indicted in Richmond, Va., for using incendiary language in relation to slavery, has been found guilty, and sentenced to suffer one year imprisonment, and pay a fine of $100 and costs.

An English gentleman, writing to a friend in Canada, makes the following allusion to the Prince of Wales: "To day the Prince of Wales nails. It gladdens my heart to think how rapturously he will be received by one and all. He is really a very fine young man, for although he is in appearance and manners mild and unassuming, in the hunting field he takes a very forward place. He rides most fearlessly and desperately at anything, and I am pleased to think that there is not a sovereign in Europe or a President in either South or North America who could line with him across a stiffly enclosed country. That's the sort of stuff, in my mind, that kings are made of."

A Wonderful Discovery.—Our report of the Photographical Society includes an account of a new and marvellous process by which photographs may be produced at the rate of 12 000 an hour from a single negative. The importance of this discovery cannot be over-estimated. For the purposes of book illustrations alone, the new process will be invaluable, as 2,500 impressions can be made in a single hour, a speed impossible to the ordinary manipulation of lithography or plate printing.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Quebec Vindicator has authority from a gentleman high in position to state that the distribution of royal honors in Canada, consequent on the visit of the Prince, will be probably as follows: The Speakers of both Houses to receive the honor of Knighthood, two leading members of the Cabinet to be Knights Commanders of the Civil Division of the Bath, and six other public functionaries to be companions of the same.

The London Times says that her Majesty has graciously signified to Miss Emily Faithful her approval of the establishment of the Victoria Press, at 9 Great Coram street, for the employment of female compositors, adding, that all such useful and practical steps for opening new branches of industry to educated women must meet with her entire approbation.

A Prolific Stock.—Elijah Corbin, one of the old pioneers of the Whitewater Valley, Wayne county, Indiana, went to that region forty-three years ago, and has now settled around him, eleven children, eighty-three grandchildren, and thirty four great grandchildren.

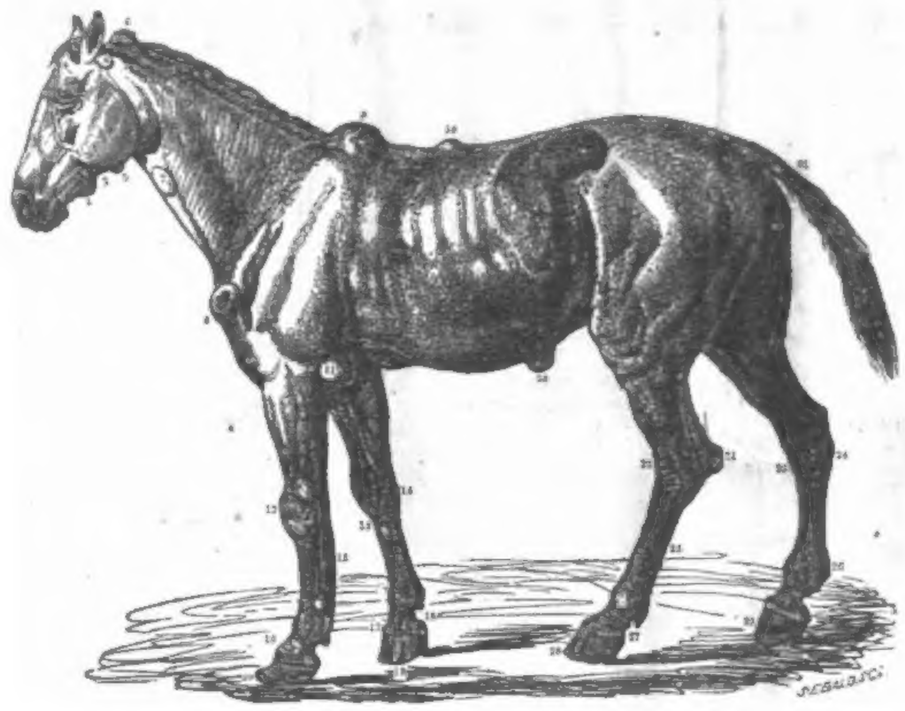
Mr. Lincoln's Cousin.—It is stated, that among the delegates to the Breckinridge Convention, held last week, at Charlottesville, Va., was Abraham Lincoln, of Rockingham, a cousin of the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

A Princely Fall.—A Quebec paper says the Prince danced twenty-two out of twenty four dances. While dancing a waltz he slipped and fell heavily on the floor, dragging his partner, Madame Cartier, the wife of the Canadian Premier, over him. Neither of them were injured, and the Prince instantly jumped up and raised the lady so quickly that but few in the room knew of the occurrence. He apologized to Madame C., and continued the dance.

Colored Zouaves.—About 50 colored men in Pittsburg, Pa. have formed themselves into a Zouave company, under the name of the Fort Pitt Cadets. Their uniform will be similar to that of the Chicago Zouaves.

The Superior of the Missionaries in Syria, the Pere Estene, has just arrived in Paris, to report to Government on the late bloody events in that country. Five of the priests under his orders were murdered, and, according to his account, 8,000 victims had been butchered in Damascus alone, and not less than from 15 000 to 16,000 throughout Lebanon. Another authority says that more than 3,000 Christian women have been sold for the harems at 25 piastres a head.

Mr. Gough (the Temperance orator) was waited upon on his recent arrival at Boston by the Rev. H. M. Dexter, who presented him a letter of welcome—conveying the expression of their cordial esteem and love, and inviting him to a public reception in Boston, signed by *four hundred and eighty* clergymen of different denominations in Massachusetts.



1. Caries of the lower jaw.
2. Fistula of the parotid duct.
3. Bony excrescence or Exostosis of the lower jaw.
4. Swelling by pressure of the bridle.
5. Poll Evil.
6. Inflamed parotid gland.
7. Inflamed jugular vein.
8. Fungus tumor, produced by pressure of the collar.
9. Fistula in the withers.
10. Saddle gall.
11. Tumor of the elbow.
12. Induration of the knee.
13. Clap of the back sinews.
14. Malanders.
15. Splint.
16. Ring-bone.
17. A tread upon the coronet.
18. Quittor.
19. Sandcrack.
20. Contracted or Ring foot of a foundered horse.
21. Capped hock.
22. Malanders.
23. Spavin.
24. Curb.
25. Swelled Sinews.
26. Thick leg.
27. Grease.
28. A crack in front of the foot, called cow-crack.
29. Quarter-crack.
30. Ventral hernia.
31. Rat-tail.

THE FAULTS OF THE HORSE.

From a lithograph, by Mr. A. Hohenstein, of this city, we have the above engraving of a horse with many faults. As will be seen at a glance, the old nag is not very handsome; and yet, it will be considered by owners of horses a valuable illustration; conveying, as it does, a very correct idea of diseases to which all horses are to a greater or less degree liable, and enabling them to determine at once the location and character of any of those shown in the engraving. The original of Mr. Hohenstein's lithograph, was furnished by Frederick Rothenberger, Veterinary Surgeon of this city. The "old hoss," ring boned and spavined as he is, and presenting as he does a most deplorable spectacle, possesses a value which will prompt many to preserve him carefully for future reference.

Steam on Common Roads.—The Earl of Caithness has built a carriage which is to be propelled by steam power upon ordinary turnpike roads. On a recent occasion he made a trial trip, and though, as the local paper says,

"The road was filled with horses and conveyances of all kinds, his lordship passed through them all without any more inconvenience to the general traffic or alarm to horses than if he had been in his carriage-and-four.—So perfectly had he the whole moving power under his control, that he stopped more quickly than an ordinary carriage and horses could draw up, and this he did as often as he saw the least danger of any horse being frightened. He reached Beauly, a distance of fourteen miles, in an hour and twenty minutes, notwithstanding the frequent stoppages, and fifteen minutes lost in getting water. After leaving Beauly, on those parts of the road where some distance forward can be seen, he attained the speed of eighteen miles an hour, and could have kept this up for any distance with ease and safety. After reaching Allness, his lordship turned to the left, and took the road direct for Bonar Bridge. Here the carriage had a severe test applied to it, but he drove it up the hills without difficulty, and coming down the very steep declivity near where the road joins the road from Tain, the control his lordship had over it was most satisfactory, and enabled him to descend at any rate he wished, and with perfect ease and safety. Leaving the hospitable inn at Ardgy, Lord Caithness crossed Bonar Bridge, and drove on to Clashmore, after a successful drive of nearly seventy miles. Saturday being very wet, he remained there till the afternoon, and then drove on to Golspie to remain over Sunday, and having perfect confidence in his carriage from its working on Friday, he expects to reach Barrogill Castle, a distance of eighty miles, and over the steepest roads in Scotland. His lordship has made this somewhat bold step of applying steam as a propelling power to carriages on common roads for any long distance, and the result of the first day has more than answered the expectations of its warmest promoters, and left no doubt as to its being not only practicable, but useful, when so applied."

Negro Conspiracy to Kill an Overseer.—The Richmond (Va) Dispatch says that on Wednesday or Thursday last, as the overseer of Mr. Samuel Hairston, a wealthy farmer of Halifax, in that State, was in his office, six negroes came in and told him that some other negroes were plotting an insurrection in the woods, and offered to take him to the place. They led him into the woods, until they came to a newly dug pit, where one of the negroes told the overseer that that was his grave, and offered him fifteen minutes to prepare for death. The overseer, however, had a revolver, which he drew and shot four of them dead, wounding a fifth in the abdomen, when the sixth cleared out. The wounded man is dangerously injured.

A New Invention.—The Austin (Texas) Gazette says:—"We have had the pleasure of witnessing the model of a new invention which is calculated to create some stir in the cotton part of the South. A very ingenious citizen, named Wm. Pitts, Esq., has constructed a machine by which the labor of ten hands may be dispensed with in ploughing and cutting out the cotton-plant. It looks like the under-running of a railroad car, and a series of hoes revolve round an iron shaft while the machine is in motion. A plough is in front which acts as a cultivator, throwing off the weeds to a proper distance. It will be sold at about fifty dollars, and if it performs what it is designed to do, will pay for itself in a few days trial."

Mr. Sampson, of the *London Times*, a high authority, writes by the last steamer that the potato rot has "extensively re-appeared in Ireland, although, perhaps, not more so than on a majority of previous occasions since 1847. An increasing belief is entertained that the plant, owing to its constant re-production from European stocks, is thoroughly degenerate, and that there will be no real immunity from these attacks until new products are raised by means of a re-introduction of the original yam." He also says that the yield of grain this year will be very large, not only from America, but from Southern Russia, the Danube, Spain, and other important regions.

Gen. Walker in Honduras.—The following advices respecting the late filibuster movements in Honduras have been received.

During the capture of Truxillo, by General Walker (as reported by a previous arrival) 12 Spaniards were killed and 18 wounded, while but three Americans were slightly injured.

Gen. Walker still remains in possession, and has declared for Cabanas. His proclamation to that effect has been issued.

The Prince of Wales was at Montreal on the 24th. He probably will be in Philadelphia about October. He will put up privately at a hotel when in New York.

A Boy of Ten Years on Trial for Murder.—A boy named Farley was recently tried at Carlyle, Ill., for the murder of his uncle, Dr. Wren. The proof for the prosecution was that, on the 5th of July last, Wren and the boy were left alone together for one or two hours, in a room in a drinking house, and that at the end of that period they were found there—Wren dying of wounds and bruises on the head, and the young boy sitting or lying on a bench and singing. There was no evidence of any quarrel between them, or of any motive for the deed. On the contrary, it was proved by the prosecution, that the boy was playing with his uncle about three o'clock, and got a straddle of him as he lay upon the floor, doing it in a frolicsome way. The boy showed no sign of fear or consciousness of guilt, and the writer of the letter from which we quote intimates that the boy had not the capacity to distinguish between good and evil. The verdict of the jury was not known to the writer, but there was no doubt of an acquittal.

☞ An orthodox Christian should never place his watch to his ear, for then he becomes a hear-a-tick.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a moderate export demand for Flour this week, and the market, with fair receipts and stocks, is without any quotable change, closing with a little more firmness on the part of holders, owing to the high rates now current for Wheat. The week's sales reach about 10,000 bbls, in lots, mostly taken for shipment, at $5,31½@5,37½ for mixed and straight superfine; $5,50@5,56¼ for better brands; $5,62½@5,75 for Penna and Western extras, and $6@6,25 for fancy brands, including 500 bbls City Mills superfine, a choice lot, at $5,85; 1000 bbls do extra at $5,95; 700 bbls Jenny Lind family at $6,62½, and 500 bbls Diamond Mills do, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce and selling in a small way on arrival at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for and dull, with a small sale of Penna Meal only to note at $3,37½ ₱ bbl, at which rate it is freely offered.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and the market for prime lots especially is very firm, the week's sales reaching some 30,000 bus, part for export, at from $1,30 to 1,35 for fair to prime red, and $1,37 to 1,55 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is scarce and wanted, now selling at 72@75c, and old at 77@80c. Corn has been very dull, and prices unsettled and lower, about 18,000 bus only having found buyers at 70@72c for good Western mixed, Penna and Southern yellow, and from 25 up to 63c for inferior lots, the former for some very badly damaged by salt water; the bulk of the stock is of Western mixed, prime yellow being scarce and inquired for. Oats have been in fair request and firm at fully former rates, with sales of some 25,000 bus to note at 34@36c for fair to very prime new Southern, mostly at 35@35½c for good, and 36@37c for Penna, including some old Southern at 37c, and Penna at 38@40c, the latter in lots from store. Barley and Malt are unchanged, with light offerings and sales.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for barrelled meats, and small sales of Mess Pork are making at $19,75@20 ₱ ft, now held at the latter rate. City Mess Beef is steady at $12@14 ₱ bbl. Bacon meets with a good demand, principally to go South. Sales include 600 casks at 12@12½c, for Sides, and 10@10½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Hams are held at 12@14c, as in quality. In green Meats we hear of sales of 100,000 ℔s of salted Sides on terms kept private. Lard is quiet. We quote bbls and tcs at 12½c, and kegs at 13½c, without sales to any extent. Butter is selling rather more freely at from 10 to 13c for packed, the latter for prime. Cheese continues steady at 10@10½c ₱ ℔ for New York. Eggs are worth 12@12½c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is firmer since the receipt of the late news from abroad, and holders have put up their prices ¼@¼c, the week's sales only reach about 900 bales in lots, mostly Uplands at from 6c for inferior up to 12¼@13c for middling to middling fair quality, cash and time. The receipts and stocks continue very light.

BARK—There has been rather more doing in Quercitron at the decline, and all offered, about 150 hhds sold at $26,50 for 1st No 1, including a lot of a favorite make at a higher figure. Of Tanners' bark the sales range at $12@13 for Spanish, and $10@10,50 for Chestnut oak.

BEESWAX—There is not much offering or selling, and we quote good yellow at 35c ₱ ℔.

COAL—Orders are coming in freely, and prices are fully maintained.

COFFEE—Buyers are holding off, and the market has been very inactive this week, the sales only reaching some 850 bags at 14¼@15¼c for Rio, and 15c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER meets with a limited demand, and prices are unchanged; further sales of Yellow Metal are making at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering and selling, and good Western are quoted at 48@50c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—The Green Fruit is arriving more freely and is rather dull at $1@3 ₱ bbl for Apples; $1@2 ₱ basket for Peaches, and $2 ₱ bus for Plums.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturer, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES are held above the views of buyers, who are not disposed to operate to any extent at the present asking rates, and the recent arrival remains unsold. The dealers are selling in a small way to the country trade.

HOPS are quiet, with a small business to note in Eastern and Western at 8@12c ₱ ℔, as in quality. The new crop is about coming into market, and the yield, we understand, is good.

IRON—The market for this staple continues dull and unsettled, and we are only advised of sales of about 2000 tons anthracite, mostly Nos 1 and 2, at $22@22½ for the former and $21½ for the latter, on time. Of Scotch Pig, sales are reported at $22½@23 ex-ship. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull. In Bars and Rails there is more doing, and prices for immediate delivery are fully maintained. Nails continue dull.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and buyers and sellers are apart in their views.

LEATHER—The market generally remains inactive, but for good Spanish sole and slaughter Leather the demand is good and prices firm.

LUMBER moves off as wanted at $14@17 for White Pine and $13@16 for Yellow Sap Boards. Not much doing in Shingles and Laths.

MOLASSES—There is very little doing. Some small sales of clayed Cuba are reported at 20@22c, Muscovado do. at 26@27c, and 60 bbls New Orleans at 46@48c, on time. *A cargo of Cardenas also sold at the latter rate.*

PLASTER—*There is not much offering, and sold is quoted at $2,62½@2,75 ₱ ton.*

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering or selling, and about 300 bus have been taken at $5½@5¾ ₱ bus. Timothy is lower, with sales and resales of 3000 bus at $2,50@2,75 from first, and $2,87½@3 ₱ bus from second hands, mostly to go out of the market. Domestic Flaxseed is more plenty, selling on arrival at $1,62 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are selling in lots as wanted by the trade, at fully former rates. N E Rum is steady at 35@36c. Whiskey is scarce, with a fair business to note at 21½@22½c for Penna and Western bbls, closing with large sales of Ohio at the latter rate. Drudge sold at 20@20½c, and hhds at 21@21½c

SUGAR—The market is steady and rather more active at the close. Sales include about 250 hhds at 7@7¼c for Cuba, and 8@8¼c for Porto Rico, on time, 600 boxes Cuba and 4500 bags Brazil also sold on terms kept private

TALLOW—The demand is limited, and City Rendered is held at 10½c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either leaf or manufactured, and prices are without any quotable change.

WOOL—The market is firm and moderately active for both the medium and fine grades, and about 200,000 ℔s have been disposed of within the range of 40@60c for common to full blood and fine fleece, including choice clips at 63@65c, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1242 head. The prices ranged from $8 to 9,50 ₱ cwt. Cows sold at from $25 to 45 ₱ head. Sheep sold from 5 to 9c ₱ ℔. 1045 Hogs brought from $8 to 8,62 ₱ 100 ℔s.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 25.—FLOUR buoyant; sales of 10,000 bbls at $5 20@5,25 for State, $5,55@5,75 for Ohio, and $5,60@5,80 for Southern. Wheat firm with a scarce supply The sales this morning were unimportant. Corn has a declining tendency, and the market is heavy, sales of 15,000 bus at 63@63½c for mixed. Pork steady. Lard heavy. Whiskey steady at 21½c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 25, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
New Jersey.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Delaware.		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.		**Kentucky.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New York.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sel bks	par to ¼ dis	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Texas.**	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Iowa.**	
Virginia.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**Kansas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Minnesota.**	
North Carolina.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	**Canada.**	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Florida.**	
South Carolina.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis		
Alabama.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

Practical Wisdom of Washington.—The editor of the Washington Evening Star, writing from Harper's Ferry, speaks as follows of some of the evidences of the manner in which the work of surveying was done by Washington in his early days:—"When engaged in engineering lower down the river—that is, between Harper's Ferry and Georgetown—I have not unfrequently hunted up and found 'beech marks' made by the hand of Washington himself, their position being so distinctly and accurately indicated in his notes of his surveys (still preserved) as that there was no mistaking their paternity. In all, hundreds, it may be, of civil engineers have labored over the routes of Washington's original survey of the Potomac in the last thirty-three or four years, and, one and all, they will testify that the evidences remaining of his professional labors prove his remarkable method in all things as unerringly as his subsequent glorious military and civil history."

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. William C. Randolph, to Miss Fannie G. Burns, both of this city.

On the 25th of July, 1860, by the Rev. John L. McKim, George H. Vincent, of Sussex county, Delaware, to Miss Annie E. Green, of this city

On the 22d of Dec. 1859, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Mitchenor, to Miss Josephine Shrubrick, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, at Camden, by the Rev C. W. Heisley, of Broadway M. E. Church, Mr. Tilghman Scott, to Mrs. Charlotte Fisher, both of Camden.

On the 12th ultimo, by the same, Mr. Isaac H. Copeland, to Mrs. Harriet A. Bond, both of Camden.

On August 10th, at Village Green, by the Rev. H. H. Bordine, Mr. John H. Barton, to Miss Rebecca P. Baker, both of Del. county, Pa.

On Monday evening, the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. Joseph Britton, of Jefferson co. Pa. to Miss Jane McClelland, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, the 1st instant, Lottie W. wife of Wm. C. B. Knight, of Cecil county, Md. and daughter of the late Chas. Stewart, Esq. of Cream Ridge, Monmouth county, N. J.

At Hartford, Conn., Aug. 21, 1860, Mrs. Sarah B. widow of the late James C. Donnell, of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, James A. son of Gilbert S. Parker, aged 21 years.

On Wednesday morning, the 22d ultimo, Mrs. Margaret, widow of the late John Stevenson, in her 79th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Richard P. Foulke, in his 72d year.

In New York, on Sunday, the 19th ultimo, Nathan T. Carryl, in his 48th year.

On the 17th ultimo, Joseph Fleming, in his 65th year.

On Saturday evening, 18th ultimo, Dorothea L. relict of Casper Rehn, in her 76th year.

On the 17th ultimo, Antonia Lafetth, aged 74 years.

In Baltimore, on the 16th ultimo, Charles G. Bonne, in his 80th year.

On Friday evening, 17th ultimo, William C. Hawks, in his 39th year.

August 19th, Henry C. Hendrickson, in his 44th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '67	102	106 —
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	10 4
" " new	104	104½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	68	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	68	70
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	57	99½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	60	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99¾	—
Ohio " 1868	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96¾
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	104	105
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	57½	58
Commercial	52	52
N Liberty	50	—
Mechanics	39½	—
Southwark	79	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	50	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	35	—
Man & Mec	26½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	98½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	95
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	50	—
Exchange	50	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Canso, Nash, Tenn	92½	93
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	74
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	14
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N American Ins Co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	90½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	86	—
	94½	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd "	91	9 4
stock	41	41½
Cam & Amboy 6 per ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	132	133
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	85	86
mort 6's '44	90½	91
'56	73¾	74
stock	23½	23½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	96
stock	53	56
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Chas Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	80
Wilm & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
2nd "	10	—
stock	1½	10
Catawissa	4	5
Beaver Meadow stock	—	65
preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penn's R R stock	10½	10½
6 pr ct loan	75	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	55½	—
6 pr ct loan	99	102
Mineral R R	63	63½
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	13½	14
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '60	75	75½
imp 6 pr ct	10	—
stock	10½	10½
preferred	24½	25½
Lehigh Nav stock	55	55½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	41½	42½
Morris Canal'd	58	59
preferred	125	126
Ches & Del	22	—
bonds	79	—
Union	3	—
bonds	—	30
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1870	3	4
	—	—

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Wit and Humor.

SMOKING A CIGAR IN BOSTON.

Fred Ross is a living illustration of the value of good manners. By mere politeness and tact he makes his way easily through all kinds of difficulties, when men of ten times his abilities would be at fault. In proof of this, we have heard the following anecdote told by his friend George T———. Fred in his travels, some time ago, stopped at the Tremont House, in Boston, where T——— called upon him one evening, and the two started out on a stroll. As they left the hotel Fred took out his cigar case.

"You can't smoke here, Fred," said George, "it's contrary to law to smoke in the streets of Boston. The policemen are wide awake, you'll find."

"I'll bet you a hat I smoke this cigar out before I leave this street," said Fred in reply.

"Done," answered George, and they kept on slowly down the street. Fred smoked with conspicuous energy.

"Hallo, there, you sir!" said a civic guardian, with a voice like the growl of a bulldog. "Just put out that cigar, will you? You mustn't smoke in these 'ere streets."

Fred.—Not smoke, my friend! (puff, puff.) Why not? (puff, puff.)

Policeman.—(decisively.)—Cos it's ag'in the laws of the corporation. That's why.

Fred.—(blandly.—In the day time, you mean, perhaps, sir? (puff, puff.) It can't do any harm at night, you know. (Puff, puff.)

Policeman.—Daytime or night, it's all the same. 'Taint allowed at all. So if you just please—

Fred.—Certainly. (Puff, puff.) A fellow who has any sense (puff, puff,) will never go against the law, (puff, puff,) particularly in a respectable city like Boston, (puff, puff.) But I suppose if I go back to the Tremont House, I can finish my cigar there? (puff, puff, puff.)

Policeman.—Oh, yes! There ain't no rule ag'in smokin in a hotel.

Fred.—I say, (puff, puff,) you couldn't come in with us and take something? (This was before the Maine Law.) I want to get some information about your fine old city from an intelligent man like yourself, (puff, puff.) Never was so much taken with a place in all my life, (puff, puff, puff.)

Policeman.—(much mollified.)—Couldn't do it, sir; much obleeged, but it's contrary to our rule.

Fred.—(enthusiastically.)—Now that's what I like in you Boston officers, (puff, puff.) You are respectable men (puff, puff.) There's no inducing you to neglect your duty, (puff, puff, puff.) You are all native Americans, I suppose? (puff, puff.)

Policeman.—Wal, most on us is. There's a few Irish, but some says (mysteriously) they won't be in the force long.

Fred.—(solemnly.)—I'll tell you what, my friend, (puff, puff,) this foreign influence is the bane of our country, (puff, puff, puff.)

Policeman.—Jess so, sir.

Fred.—What I dislike most in these foreigners, (puff, puff,) is that they have no idea of respecting the laws of the country, (puff, puff.) They profess to obey the law, and all the time they will be breaking it right before your face, (puff, puff, puff.)

Policeman.—That's a fact, sir. But if you wouldn't mind not smoking now, sir, you'd obleege me.

Fred.—Why, bless my soul, (puff, puff,) I've been smoking all this time! (puff, puff.) See the force of habit, (puff, puff.) I say, (presenting his cigar case,) won't you take one to smoke after you get home? (puff, puff.) There can't be anything improper in that, you know, (puff, puff, puff.)

Policeman.—Well, I guess there ain't. I don't care if I do take one.

Fred.—[shows George slyly the stump of his cigar, smoked to the lips.] Now see what it is for a city to have respectable officers. If a low, rough, domineering sort of a fellow had tried to stop me, I might have kept on smoking in spite of him, but when a man like you speaks to me, I do what's right, without saying a word, (throws away the stump ostentatiously.)

Policeman.—Thank you, sir. I wish all gentlemen was of the same way of acting, sir. Much obleeged, sir. Good-night, sir.

Fred.—Good-night, my friend. I say, George, that hat!

Two days afterwards, Fred was promenading Broadway in a Washington street hat, which he had gained by the remarkable operation of smoking a cigar in a policeman's face in one of the streets of Boston.

A BAD NIGHT.

A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but, on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he reappeared, drenched with rain.

"Where, in Heaven's name, have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog around the paws, and a weeping willow about the head.

"I!" said he, quietly shaking off the water—"I have been at home to tell my wife, that, as it was such a night, I should not return."

IRISH WIT.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of an hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed it critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out and addressed them:—

"What do you stand there gazing at my office for—do you think it's a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

AN ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Colonel Meek, of Oregon, like many of the earliest pioneers, was obliged to choose his helpmeet from among the dusky maidens of the forest. During the early settlement of the Territory the Cayuse Indians were quite menacing in their demonstrations of hostility to the little band of pioneers—so much so, indeed, that at a meeting of the settlers assembled to consult the means of safety, it was resolved to send two of their number across the mountains, to implore aid from the parent Government. Colonel Meek and Squire Eberts were appointed, and they accordingly set out for Washington, across the mountains and the deserts, and in due time reached their destination. While there the Colonel was invited to a levee given by some one of the notables of the Administration. During the evening the Colonel was introduced to a fascinating lady, who, naturally enough, made inquiries about Oregon, the hostile Indians, &c., &c., which gave him a great chance to indulge in his favorite spread-eagle style, which he did to the best of his ability. During the conversation the lady inquired if he had a wife; to which he replied affirmatively.

"Why," said the lady, "I should think she would be *so* afraid of the Indians!"

"My wife afraid of the Indians!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, madam, she herself is a *squaw!*"

COOL ANSWER.

A very cool answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of ——'s college days:—

Professor ——— had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut, propelled by some invisible hand, was hurled across the room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that, glancing off, it spun almost to the ceiling.

"Mr. ———!" thundered out the Professor, "that was you, sir; I know it, sir; don't deny it, sir—your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think I blush, sir!" modestly asked the student.

"Blush!" retorted the Professor—"your face is as red as a beet!"

"Pardon me sir," replied F———, "I think it's only the reflection of light; *perhaps you looked at me over your nose!*"

A FRIEND.

"Will you allow me to go out, sir?"
Thus Pat to me one evening said,
As weary, dreary, in my study
I sat with aching heart and head.

"And what is't, Pat, you would go out for?
Can't you at home the evening spend?"
"I'll not be long, *sir*; only just run
Over the way to see a *friend*."

"To see a friend! stay, I'll go with ye;
Bring me my cloak and stick and hat;
A friend! a friend! what is a friend like?
I never saw a friend yet, Pat."

A PRACTICAL SPIRITUALIST.—A dry old codger connected with the railroad interests, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative Spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and allowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much placidity of assent that the Spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful. A few days since the Spiritualist said to the pupil, "The spirit of B——— appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose which was named. "Yes, I know it did," replied he, "and isn't it strange? The same spirit called on me half an hour afterwards, and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!" The pretended Spiritualist hasn't been to see the old codger since.

RATHER DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.

ELDERLY PASSENGER.—"Going out fishing, I presume, young gentleman!"

YOUNG DO.—"No! It ain't fishing rods—it's sky rockets I'm taking down for my cousin's birthday. Have a segar!"

Agricultural.

STATE FAIRS.

As the season for State Fairs will soon be here, the following experience of Mr. Plowhandle, at a State Fair several years ago, as given in the Rural New Yorker, may be read with interest:—

ARRIVES.

We got safely to town Monday night, and Tuesday I went up early to the fair grounds to see what was going on. I got in and hunted up Sam, and found he'd got our mare (old Nancy) entered, and had got his card on her head and a good stall, and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first-rate generally, and during all the time of the fair the supply of fodder was good.

HEARS SOMETHING.

As I was standing up near the business office in the crowd, I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other:

"Are you an exhibitor?"

"Yes."

"So am I, and we had better look to the committees."

"Why so?"

"You see the committees are never all full, and if you are on hand at the big tent when they are called, it's easy to slip in a friend, which is a mighty nice thing sometimes."

"Well, I am showing a patent for making cowcumbers, and if you can get the premium it will make my fortune."

"And I am showing a new kind of bob tailed hens, and a premium won't set me back."

"Well, you get me on your committee, and I will name you for mine."

"All right; go in to win when you can."

Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the thing leans I may as well take care of myself as anybody else. Everybody for himself seems to be the rule on these occasions. So off I streaked it to the cattle pens to find Smith, who is my neighbor, you know. Smith is in the patent bull line. [*Mr. P. evidently means "improved."*] Says I, "Smith, you're showing bulls and I am showing old Nance, and I guess if merit counts we can win. And that's the talk here on paper." Then I told him what I'd heard about the committees.

"Is that so?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I think old Nance is the best mare in the yard."

"And you've got the best bull on the ground."

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time.

Well, sure enough, when the committees were made up I was on Smith's bull committee, and he was on the mare committee.

THE COMMITTEE GOES OUT.

The head man took the book as had the things in it, and we were all introduced to each other, and went down to look at the bulls. We were on the red bulls. So we went along and looked at them, and I didn't say much till we came to Smith's bull, and I looked at him pretty carefully, pulled his tail, punched my fingers into his ribs, and went through the motions as I had seen the others. Says I, "That's a bull that looks like it." Smith had combed him all over with a fine-toothed comb, and brushed him with a hair brush, and he did look slick, for he was just as fat as a hog. And from all I saw, I think fat at fairs, like what the lawyer said about charity, covers a multitude of sins.

GETS THE HORNS POKED AT HIM.

Just as I said that, the fellow who had a bull in the next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and says he:

"What do you know about bulls!"

"Well," says I, "I think I know what they are used for in my section."

"May be," says he, "you are on the committee!"

"I have that honor," says I.

"But," says he, "that bull hain't got any pedigree."

"Well," says I, "he had father and mother, hadn't he!"

"Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who they ware."

"Well, then, nobody knows but they were just as likely as your bull's parents."

"But, sir, look at my bull's pedigree. There it is, sir. Got by imported Shirt-tail, out of Skim-milk, by Thunder," &c.—and he showed a string of names as long as your arm.

"Well," says I to the committee, "are we to judge the pedigree or the animal?"

And they said—"The animal, of course."

"Then," said I to the fellow, "will your bull get better stock than this?"

"Of course he will," says he, "for he's got a pedigree and that bull hain't."

"Well," says I, "your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't, that's certain." And that sort o' knocked him. "But," says I, "I've known people who felt grand over their pedigree, and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go farther back than their father and mother that banged them all to pieces for smartness. Handsome is that handsome does," says I, "and, as the hymn-book says, 'a man's a man for a' that.' Pedigree go to grass, I go in for the animal."

SMITH'S BULL WINS.

When we got through and looked at our marks, the other two had Smith's bull second. I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they didn't care much about it, they altered the figures and gave Smith the first premium, which I think was right.

AND THE OLD MARE.

Smith had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committeemen had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and let them talk, and they soon got into a quarrel, and then they appealed to Smith, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and finally, to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. Smith says he saw some queer things on that committee.

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, Colonel, as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT.

The State of New York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there ain't some of the allfiredest big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair, I'm a teapot.

VALUE OF EARTH-WORMS FOR ENRICHING LANDS.

Mr. Josiah Parkes, the consulting engineer of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, says that worms are great assistants to the drainer and valuable aid to the farmer in keeping up the fertility of the soil. He says they love moist, but not wet soils; they will bore down to but not into water; they multiply rapidly on land after drainage, and prefer a deeply drained soil. On examining with Mr. Thomas Hammond, of Penhurst, Kent, part of a field which he had deeply drained, after long previous shallow drainage, he found that the worms had greatly increased in number, and that their bores descended quite to the level of the pipes. Many worm bores were large enough to receive the little finger. Mr. Henry Handly had informed him of a piece of land near the sea in Lincolnshire, over which the sea had broken and killed all the worms—the field remained sterile until the worms again inhabited it. He also showed him a piece of pasture land near to his house, in which worms were in such numbers that he thought their casts interfered too much with its produce, which induced him to have it rolled at night in order to destroy the worms. The result was that the fertility of the field greatly declined, nor was it restored until they had recruited their numbers, which was aided by collecting and transporting multitudes of worms from the fields.

The great depths into which the worms will bore, and from which they push up fine, fertile soil, and cast it on the surface, has been admirably traced by Mr. C. Darwin, of Down, Kent, who has shown that in a few years they have actually elevated the surface of fields by a large layer of rich mould, several inches thick—thus affording nourishment to the roots of grasses, and increasing the productiveness of the soil.

MOWING MACHINES.—Have you ever thought of the immense difference between the power necessary to cut a swath of grass with a mowing-machine as compared with that of mowing one of equal width, or wider, by hand? A good mower moves easily along, cuts a wide swath, and exerts but little strength, seemingly. A machine, to cut a swath of equal width, requires nearly the full strength of two heavy horses. Now is there any way whereby this terrible waste of power, relatively, can be reduced, so that the work done with a machine, shall compare more favorably with that done by hand in this respect? Cannot the weight and draught of the mowing-machine be greatly diminished and still do as good, and even better work, than is now done?—*Boston Cultivator.*

A LARGE MILKER.—About a month ago we published the amount of milk produced in five days milking of several Ayrshire cows, in competition for prizes offered in Scotland by the Duke of Athol. An extract from a Scotch paper of later date, states that the cow which then stood first, yielding an average of 26 pounds and 5 ounces of milk in each of 10 successive milkings, "improved wonderfully in the amount of produce after she was put on the grass. She lately gave the astonishing quantity of 75 imperial pounds, or 7½ imperial gallons of milk per day for several days in succession. The largest quantity at one milking was 39 pounds."

NEW INVENTION.—Of course it is a Connecticut notion. The people of that State can't even draw their breath without the aid of a patent invention. A friend who travelled among them a few days since tell us that he saw the country folks, in the mountain districts, gathering blueberries with a rake—invented especially for the purpose, of course.—A bit of wire work draws the berries into a receptacle holding about a quart, which, when filled, is emptied into a basket. The berries are so plentiful that a bushel can be gathered in half a day.

SEED TO THE SOWER.—There are two ways of treating the seed. The botanist splits it up, and discourses on its curious characteristics; the simple husbandman eats and sows; sows and eats. Similarly there are two ways of treating the gospel. A critic dissects it; raises a mountain of debate about the structure of the whole, and the relation of its parts; and when he is done with his argument, he is done. To him, the letter is dead; he neither lives on it himself, nor spreads it for the good of his neighbors. He neither eats nor sows. The disciple of Jesus, hungering for righteousness, takes the seed whole; it is bread for to-day's hunger, and seed for to morrow's supply.

RATHER ABSENT-MINDED.—Maltby was one of the most absent of men. While he and Rogers, the poet, were in Paris together, Rogers dined at a party where a lady who sat next him did not know him at first, but after hearing him talk for some time, discovered who he was. Maltby was not at this dinner, and Rogers telling him of this lady, said, "She asked if my name was not Rogers." "And was it?" inquired Maltby.

☞ William Middleton, farm-laborer to Mr. Thomas Chester, of Huggin, near Doncaster, has walked to and from his work for eighteen years the distance of 19,665 miles, and threshed with a flail in a barn for seventeen years, and during that time never lost five days from sickness or any other cause.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

☞ There is a man out West whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees, consequently he never pays for his boots.

Useful Receipts.

TRANSPARENT WINDOW SHADES.—Cut India rubber in small pieces, put in an earthen vessel, cover well with spirits turpentine; let it stand, stirring occasionally until it becomes a jelly; then thin with oil, such as is used for painting, and boil in an iron vessel. When nearly cool, apply with a brush to your cloth, which should be bleached, and tacked smoothly and tightly on frames the size you wish your curtains. Dry in the shade. When dry, you can trace with a pencil any design you please, and paint with oil paint. A small landscape surrounded by a wreath of flowers, is pretty. This is also a good way to make oil cloths for stands, doorways, and carpet preservers around stoves, taking thick cloth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.—In a communication to the Cotton Planter, Mr. W. McWillie says: There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper, and all worms and bugs that usually infest and often destroy so much bacon. It is simply to keep your smoke-house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the past twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never have had any bacon troubled with any insect. I have now hanging in my smoke-house hams one, two, and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exemption of my bacon from insects, but simply the fact that my smoke-house is always kept dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many experiments, but always either without success or with injury to the flavor of my bacon. I smoke with green hickory—this is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood."

CHEAP BEER.—No production in this country abounds so much with saccharine matter as the shells of green peas. A strong decoction of them so much resembles, in odor and taste, an infusion of malt (termed wort,) as to deceive a brewer. This decoction, rendered slightly bitter with the wood sage, and afterwards fermented with yeast, affords a very excellent beverage. The method employed is as follows: *Fill* a boiler with the green shells of peas, pour on water till it rises half an inch above the shells, and simmer for three hours. Strain off the liquor, and add a strong decoction of the wood sage, or the hop, so as to render it pleasantly bitter; then ferment in the usual manner. The wood sage is the best substitute for hops; and being free from any anodyne property is entitled to a preference. By boiling a fresh quantity of shells in the decoction before it becomes cold, it may be so thoroughly impregnated with saccharine matter as to afford a liquor, when fermented, as strong as ale.—*English Paper.*

DRESSING SHEEP-SKINS.—We have found it profitable rainy-day work, sometimes, to dress a sheep-skin with the wool on. It makes a nice foot mat, a very comfortable thing in a sleigh or wagon of a cold day. It is easily dressed. Take equal parts of salt and alum pulverized, and sift about four ounces on the flesh side of the skin while fresh from the body, or if dry, after being moistened; then fold it up carefully and keep it in a damp place about four days, and then open it and lay it on the table, and scrape it with a dull knife to get all the adhering flesh off, and then rub it with a blunt wooden instrument until it is dry and soft. To dress a sheep or deer-skin for soft leather, without the wool, we see the following simple process recommended: "One-half ounce of oil of vitrol, a teacupful of salt, from one to three quarts of milk, then add the salt and vitrol; stir the skin in the liquid forty minutes, keeping it warm; then work it till dry. The Indians dress all their deer-skins by soaking them in a paste made of brains, and after rubbing them, dry them in smoke.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one dozen of ripe tomatoes, put them in a stone jar, stand them in a cool oven until quite tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp in the liquor which you will find in the jar, but do not strain it; add two teaspoonsful of the best powdered ginger, a dessert spoonful of salt, a head of garlic chopped fine, two table spoonsful of vinegar, a dessert spoonful of Chili vinegar, or a little Cayenne pepper. Put into small-mouthed sauce bottles, sealed. Keep in a cool place, it will keep good for years. It is ready for use as soon as made, but the flavor is better after a week or two. Should it not appear to keep, turn it out, add more ginger; it may require more salt and Cayenne pepper. It is a long-tried recipe, and a great improvement on curry. The skins should be put into a wide-mouthed bottle, with a little of the different ingredients, as they are useful for hashes or stews.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup into it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the most fastidious.

The Riddler.

OLD DOMINION ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 231 letters.

My 6, 20, 29, 2, 18, 182, 149, 124, 68, 98, 44, 131, 169, 123, 58, 82, 37, 18, 194, 146, 206, 10, was the residence of John H. Peyton.
My 80, 2, 54, 15, 77, 156, 76, 92, 190, 61, is a river in Virginia.
My 152, 203, 225, is a do.
My 215, 171, 197, 14, 228, is a do.
My 221, 74, 34, 211, 191, 114, 100, is a do.
My 26, 121, 108, 176, 86, 64, 111, 95, is a do.
My 179, 71, 184, 129, 160, 145, is a do.
My 223, 140, is a do.
My 35, 142, 218, 70, 166, 169, 225, is a county in Virginia.
My 55, 180, 83, 138, 209, 35, 52, 49, is a do.
My 33, 168, 68, 148, 217, 54, is a do.
My 31, 7, 29, 42, 119, 134, 91, 110, is a do.
My 83, 190, 45, 106, 118, 35, 173, is a do.
My 4, 192, 146, 159, 38, 83, 59, is a do.
My 112, 189, 230, 231, 164, 116, 24, 12, 79, 157, 173, 152, is do.
My 143, 120, 128, 117, 78, 85, 125, is a do.
My 81, 14, 89, 121, 50, 69, 67, is a do.
My 122, 13, 97, 151, 148, 207, 213, is a do.
My 66, 107, 190, 135, 167, 172, 17, 191, is a do.
My 17, 229, 161, 104, 13, 41, 205, 70, is a town in Virginia.
My 112, 21, 122, 9, 177, 147, 208, 96, 22, 75, 154, 47, 88, 30, 62, is a do.
My 23, 11, 48, 1, 76, 13, 172, 44, 126, 127, is a do.
My 97, 98, 106, 63, 224, 185, 226, 183, 65, 120, 202, 174, is a do.
My 170, 222, 19, 186, 109, 40, is a do.
My 194, 125, 5, 5, 181, 125, is a do.
My 37, 85, 33, 136, 105, 115, 139, 196, 214, 43, 55, is a do.
My 45, 216, 186, 161, 14, 212, 201, 139, 128, is a do.
My 21, 184, 84, 50, 230, 159, 57, 213, 227, 139, 139, 160, is a do.
My 188, 44, 99, 103, 200, 28, 227, 30, 88, 3, is a do.
My 170, 195, 139, 151, 67, 131, 210, 219, 220, 198, 153, 205, 179, 231, is a place of note in Virginia.
My 144, 59, 164, 165, 163, 53, 32, 15, 131, 165, is a place of note in Virginia.
My 19, 8, 218, 68, 56, 213, 3, 175, 156, 41, 190, is a do.
My 76, 218, 30, 51, 73, 194, 198, 6, 23, 17, 5, 55, 179, 75, is a do.
My 150, 14, 33, 158, 191, 162, 156, 171, 178, 70, 68, 101, 72, 112, 85, 30, 30, 151, 131, 27, is a do.
My 28, 155, 45, 131, 36, 15, 130, 98, 169, 146, 102, 93, 94, 91, 123, 187, 133, 72, is a do.
My 20, 137, 199, 127, 198, 89, was a distinguished man in Virginia.
My 16, 98, 218, 193, 169, 25, 67, 120, was a do.
My 39, 89, 173, 67, 221, was a do
My 135, 204, 107, 66, is what the British caught at Yorktown, in Virginia.

My whole is an extract from a speech delivered by John H. Peyton, of Virginia. DOUGLAS.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 11, 22, 12, 17, 22, 23, is used in book-keeping.
My 9, 14, 10, 24, 13, is a supernatural visitation.
My 3, 15, 20, 4, 5, is one of the languages.
My 8, 7, 1, 12, is a reptile.
My 5, 21, 19, 18, 16, is a means of locomotion.
My 2, 10, is an exclamation.

My whole is a well known adage.

Joliet, Illinois. W. A. B.

RIDDLE.

Two helpless twins, in whom you seek
For language and for sense in vain,
Compose my whole, and then I speak,
But it is only to complain.

Places in Canada Enigmatically Expressed.

1.—A fashionable young lady, and the French word for city.
2.—A Spanish wine, and to wish.
3.—A consonant, a preposition, and a river near Toronto.
4.—An abbreviation for Company, and the original name of a fortified town.
5.—An excrescence on the foot, and the side of a house. H. J. C.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the diameter of a circular hole made through the centre of a sphere four inches in diameter, that the remaining part may be four sevenths of the entire solidity of the sphere?

Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa. T. L. M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four men, A, B, C and D, join stocks to begin trade in partnership. A pays in $680, B a sum not named, C $865, and D $1,200. At the end of 16 months A drew out his whole stock and gain, which then amounted to $897,60. The other three continued the trade for 8 months longer, when B also drew out his whole stock and gain, which then amounted to $621,60. The other two continued the trade for some time longer, when C also drew out his whole stock and gain, which amounted to $1,349,40. Now if the trade yielded even profit, in proportion to stock and time all through, the questions arise: what was B's stock paid in? what was the length of time C's stock had remained in trade? and what was the amount of D's stock and profit, when he became the only survivor of the firm in the business? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When does a man shave with a silver razor? Ans.—When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

☞ AN ENGLISH CONUNDRUM.—What forest trees are impostures? Ans.—The oaks (hoax).

☞ Why is a young lady who deserts a dandy admirer like a large steamer entering a river? Ans.—Because she leaves a *swell*.

☞ What trade was the man who killed William Rufus? Ans.—Bill sticker.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—The alphabet; acrostically, For the Saturday Evening Post. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Eleusinian Mysteries." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Aurora Borealis. CHARADE—Lost Time. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Shannon, in Ireland. Problem—1, 27, 5, 7,—2, 28, 5, 5,—3, 29, 5, 3,—4, 30, 5, 1,—1, 13, 10, 16,—2, 14, 10, 14,—3, 15, 10, 12,—4, 16, 10, 10,—5, 17, 10, 8,—6, 18, 10, 6,—7, 19, 10, 4,—8, 20, 10, 2.